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The Divinity of Christ.

I.

A YEAR ago, in the January number of the *Hibbert Journal*, there appeared an article from the pen of the Rev. R. Roberts, a Congregational minister at Bradford. It bore the title of "Jesus or Christ, an Appeal for Consistency," and had for its purpose to protest against the habit, customary even among rationalizing divines, of ascribing to the Jesus of the Gospels, in whom by general consent the Christianity of the Western world is summed up, attributes which are not countenanced by the genuine records of His life, and are incompatible with His real humanity.

With certain reservations [he wrote] it may be said that the group of doctrines known as Evangelicalism, is the common property of Western Christendom. In developing its thought "back to Christ," Evangelicalism has found itself driven to make stupendous claims on behalf of Jesus. . . . Are [these claims] made on behalf of a spiritual "Ideal" to which we may provisionally apply the word "Christ," or are they predicated of Jesus? The apologists do not frankly face these questions. The reluctance to do so renders it difficult to make any pertinent criticism of the claims. For it may easily turn out that insistence on limitations of knowledge, restrictions of outlook, evasions of issues, and disillusionments of experience true enough of an historic Jesus may not be wholly relevant to a spiritual "Christ Ideal," expanding and enriching through the ages into "the Christ that is to be." To one who was the "fulness of Godhead" bodily expressed, "Very God of Very God," they could not be attributed at all without such a strain as would crack the sinews of language, reducing the sequences of speech to incoherences of thought.

Thus the inconsistency against which Mr. Roberts protests is that of employing the terms "Jesus" and "Christ" interchangeably, instead of denoting by the first the Prophet of Galilee, of whom what is spared by the critic's knife to the Synoptic narrative tells us all we know, and perhaps more

than we think we know ; and reserving the term "Christ" to denote that personified ideal of majesty and goodness to the origination of which the life of Jesus furnished the inspiration and the nucleus, but to the elaboration of which St. Paul was the chief contributor in that early and impressive stage of its evolution. In his article Mr. Roberts provides a basis for his protest by claiming as established by the general consent of all competent thinkers these fundamental points to which the rationalistic criticism pins its faith, namely, philosophically, that the union of divinity and humanity in the same person—that is, if the term divinity is to be taken in its literal sense—is impossible ; and, historically, that the Jesus of the genuine original Gospel never conceived of Himself as more than a preacher intensely convinced of the Fatherhood of God.

Such was Mr. Roberts's article, and the editor of the present volume tells us that "within a week of its publication replies and criticisms, eulogies and condemnations, began to pour in from all quarters. Even now," he adds, "the stream continues to flow ; moreover, the article was publicly discussed by preachers and lecturers, as well as in the religious and daily press." Nor does this surprise us. Rather it is a testimony to the irresistible influence which the work and character of our Lord still exercises and will ever exercise on the minds of men, on those who reject not less than on those who confess His divinity. For both classes it is the one subject which exceeds all others in interest, and will never cease to be earnestly and anxiously discussed.

However, the editor of the *Hibbert Journal* not unnaturally drew the conclusion that a question which men were pondering so deeply deserved to be investigated with an impartiality and insight commensurate with the gravity of the issue and the intellectual standards of the age. Accordingly he invited a selection of writers whom he deemed to be competent, to contribute to the investigation, regarding as competent those who were not merely distinguished for their scholarship but "had won the public confidence by proved devotion to the causes they severally represent." Such has been the origin of the volume bearing the same name as did Mr. Roberts's article, namely, *Jesus or Christ*, which with a brief explanatory Preface has recently been brought out by Mr. L. P. Jacks. The contributors are eighteen in number, of whom five, though only five, are on the orthodox side, namely, Bishop Talbot of Southwark,

and Canon Scott Holland to represent the Church of England, the Rev. R. Morris and the Rev. Principal A. E. Garvie to represent Nonconformity, and Father Joseph Rickaby, S.J., to represent Catholicism. On the opposite side the selection seems to have been made on the principle of representing different centres of thought. Thus we have Professor Percy Gardner, Dr. James Drummond, and Dr. Estlin Carpenter as representatives of Oxford, Sir Oliver Lodge of Birmingham, Professor Henry Jones of Glasgow, Dr. Schmiedel of Zurich, Dr. Weinel of Jena, Dr. Söderblom of Upsala, and Professor B. Bacon of Yale. The late Father Tyrrell, the Rev. R. F. Campbell, and Mr. James Collier represent themselves.

It will be noticed that of this group of disbelievers in the divinity of our Lord six at least, perhaps more, are recognized ministers in some religious community calling itself Christian. That is a sad fact, but one cannot deny that, whether intended or not, it does witness to the widespread abandonment by the thoughtful minds of the age of the most fundamental article of the Christian faith. Nor can we doubt that the publication of the volume before us, inevitable as it was under the circumstances, will be the means of increasing the unsettlement of minds. True there are innumerable works of the same kind which the press pours out annually, but the form of the present publication, bringing together so much under the same cover, and rendered prominent by the circumstances of its origin, will secure for it a special degree of attention and consideration. Let us hope, however, that it will also do some good, for the bringing together of these various essays exhibits the weak as well as the strong points of the negative position, whilst the few upholders of orthodox doctrine have advanced arguments which when pieced together exhibit the real nature of the Christian defence, and thus discover what the others overlook or misunderstand.

In the present and a subsequent article we desire to offer some comments on the two rival arguments against and for the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ which this volume has set before English readers. In the present article we shall confine ourselves to the rationalistic presentation of the subject, and we may begin by remarking on the confusion as to the meaning of the terms from which they start. The Christian Church believes that Jesus is the Christ, and as such, Man, but further, that He is God, and the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity. Still,

these two affirmations have to be separately considered and separately proved. The term "Christ," which is the Greek equivalent for the Jewish "Messiah," means "Anointed," and stood for the Anointed King, who, as their sacred writings predicted long before, was to come at a time fixed by God to restore and exalt their down-trodden race. When "all men were thinking of John that perhaps he might be the Christ," what was meant was, "Was he the great King whom our prophets have led us to expect?" and our Lord's first solicitude was to prove His claim to be the fulfilment of this God-sanctioned anticipation. But so far there was no disclosure of the full mystery of the character and personality of the Christ. This was a separate question, and yet was one to which it was the chief purpose of His ministry to direct attention in a suitable manner, so as to guide the world to its true answer. And it is this true answer which the Church renders when it confesses that the Christ who as Man came to be the Deliverer of the race was also God the Son. Not appreciating this distinction in the traditional Christian belief, many of the writers in this volume take the alternative, *Jesus or Christ*—as if it meant Man or God—and their comments are correspondingly wanting in precision, a point to which Father Tyrrell, whose Catholic training gave him a clearer insight into the situation, calls attention in the paper which heads the list.

Perhaps we may to some extent reduce this indefiniteness of conception to precision by stating the true issue as being "Was Jesus a Man endowed with superhuman attributes or not?" For it is this which the writers are really debating, some insisting on the supreme superhuman attribute of absolute Godhead, others only on attributes of an intermediate order.

It is impossible for this article to take into account all the papers on the negative side. We will take the first four which practically include the essential points insisted on by the rest.

Dr. Weinel would, we imagine, regard himself as a conservative critic, but he does not even raise the question of our Lord's divinity, or even of the superhuman features in His life and character. In reference to Dr. Fairbairn, who had spoken of Him as the greatest of men in all respects, he says deprecatorily, that it is "an exaggeration which ought not to be taken too seriously." To Mr. Roberts, who had asked whether the ethics of Jesus were not selfish and whether He did not

commit what for moralists of Mr. Roberts' class is the supreme anti-ethical offence, by recommending in His own incisive language the appeal to rewards and punishments as sanctions of morality, he replies not by vindicating our Lord's action in this respect, but by protesting that it is unfair to look at Him exclusively from the point of view of His holy indignation and His warning utterances—which the writer regards as momentary lapses from the inward and complete morality which was His abiding disposition.

Thus for Dr. Weinel, Jesus was a man subject to human weaknesses, moral as well as physical, just like His fellow-men. And yet he is prepared to leave Him on the pedestal to which Christendom has exalted Him as the Saviour of Mankind. On what grounds we ask, and it is thus also that he puts the question to himself: "Why do we maintain as firmly as ever that Jesus sets forth the essence of Christianity or, in Roberts' words, that He is the Christ? Why do we announce to the men of the twentieth century that salvation is to be found in none other as it may be found in Him?" He replies that "a thoroughly sober historical view must be our justification." This justification he proceeds to gather from the image of our Lord's character that, as he truly says, we can obtain even from the Epistles of St. Paul which quote some of His words, but especially from the parables and short sayings and narratives contained in the Gospels, which he is convinced, especially by reason of their consonance in portraying a very definite personality, give the sort of genuine recollections which oral tradition is capable of securely transmitting. "Sayings and narratives of small details," he says, "reproduce the character of a man more readily than anything else can do," and he asks if we do not get from sayings like "Consider the lilies of the field," or from any one of His parables, or from the story of His tenderness to the sinful woman, or of His indignation vented on the Pharisees, just such a concrete personal portrayal of the character of our Lord as causes Him to live before us as "a man filled with love and benevolence, filled with grandeur and holy indignation, filled with purity and tenderness, filled with bitter scorn for all mean actions and selfishness." And what is the significance of such a life? "It was to give humanity a new ideal and a new belief in God—the purest ideal and the loftiest ideal." Dr. Weinel dilates with enthusiasm on this scheme, and thinks that it satisfies all requirements. In Jesus "ethics have

reached a great turning-point in their development." He is thus at the summit of all moral development; He "convinces mankind in a unique manner of the truth of His own faith and therewith of the truth of God's existence as the God of love;" and in bringing us to this conviction, He bestows on us the highest gift offered to the world—the religion of Moral Redemption. Herein is the reason, according to Dr. Weinel, why we cannot detach the person of Jesus from the Christ-like ideal. This ideal is no doctrine but a life in God which can be handed down no otherwise than in precisely these sayings and stories of a person. "It can be attained only by seeing it lived out in a human life, especially in that of its first exponent."

Dr. Percy Gardner calls his paper a Pragmatist View. He is at one with Mr. Roberts in taking it for certain that Jesus of Nazareth "partook in every way of human nature, and was bounded by human limitations." He was sometimes sad, sometimes indignant; He spoke of the Pentateuch as the work of Moses; He regarded diseases as the work of evil spirits; He spent nights in prayer to God. Besides,

to suppose that He was conscious of supernatural power and knowledge and merely sojourned among men as one who properly belonged to another and a higher sphere, utterly deprives [the Synoptic] story of meaning and beauty. . . . If the exquisitely touching words, "Not as I will but as Thou wilt," mean something quite different from that which lies on the surface of them, then the whole scene is a mockery.

On the other hand,

take them as we will, the facts of early Christianity are of a most surprising unparalleled character. . . . There is the astonishing life of the Master, which has impressed those who were not professed Christians with an admiration almost beyond expression. There is the wonderful change in the Apostles after the time of the Crucifixion. . . . There is the rapid spread of the new doctrine in the face of bitter hostility and persecution. There is the remarkable ethical similarity between the teaching of Paul and that of his Master, while at the same time in his hands the Christian teaching undergoes a prodigious development, becoming fit, not for an obscure sect of Jews, but for the great cities of the Greek world.

These, says Professor Gardner, "are only explicable on the supposition that a mighty spiritual power of a new kind and of greatly superior force was dawning on the world, a power not

easily accounted for, yet in all things to be taken into account." He does not think science and history can carry us further than this, but in carrying us thus far they have given us a sufficient basis for faith, nor do we transgress their canons if we connect, under the impulse of faith, the life of Jesus with this outpouring of a new tide of spiritual life, which took form in the perpetuation of His spirit and obedience, in the inspiration of the Christian Church. In so doing we may not, perhaps, be reaching objective fact, but we are meeting the needs of conduct, which is of more importance to life than knowledge.

Dr. Paul Schmiedel of Zurich, whose drastic theories are so well known to readers of the *Encyclopaedia Biblica*, confesses that "it is a very serious question whether to-day we should possess Christianity at all if Jesus had not been interpreted as a Divine Being." Still, for him that interpretation stands hopelessly discredited when viewed in the light of modern progress, and the only question now possible is, can we at least say that Jesus is the Christ, in the sense that (1) He was the bringer of all that is valuable into humanity, or, if not that, at least that (2) He was the bringer of the perfect religion; and in the case of an affirmative answer to either query, (3) is He entitled to veneration in worship? Dr. Schmiedel's own reply is, that we certainly cannot regard Him as the bringer of all that is valuable into humanity, for most of the provinces of human culture were closed to Him; but that we shall not be far wrong if we credit Him with bringing in the perfect religion. It is true, we cannot now accept all the ideas and presuppositions of His time which He incorporated into His religion, nor can we overlook its lack of the completeness which only a later age could furnish. Still, "His fundamental principles have actually permeated the world like leaven, and are permeating it more and more; and so far, no prospect exists that anything better will be able to displace them." What then are these fundamental principles of Jesus? Dr. Schmiedel estimates them as four in number. Jesus redeemed the world from the error of a religion of servility and of a religion of pretensions; also from the sin of loving the world and the sin of egoism. His redemption, however, was not wrought through any expiatory sacrifice that He offered, but solely through the beauty and perfection of His ideas which He rendered efficacious by permeating them with the whole force of His wonderful example and personality. In approaching his third question,

as to the propriety of according to Jesus Christ "veneration in worship," Dr. Schmiedel has to make somewhat compromising admissions. As a "single individual" he would wish to reverence Jesus, in proportion to what he owes to Him, but only after the mode in which we reverence others of our fellow-men who have helped us by their teaching, or their example, or their achievements. The practical difficulty is for him that men have been accustomed for so many centuries to venerate Jesus Christ in public worship "in fixed forms and measure," and have believed that "they derive directly from spiritual intercourse with Him all the gifts needed for the welfare of souls." The result is that, even when their faith in His Divinity has failed, they are still reluctant to dispense with the blessings resulting from that immediate intercourse with Him at which public worship aims, and so have "turned His name into an abridgment of everything that has religious value." However, Dr. Schmiedel cites his own experience—which we can, at least, take as reflections of his hopes and desires—that "by the delineation of a purely human image of Jesus, the attraction which He exercises over quite conservatively-minded Church-members is not in the least diminished, but, on the contrary, intensified." Encouraged by these experiences, Dr. Schmiedel recommends that the veneration of Jesus in public worship should be retained by such as think with him, but that its character should be gradually modified. For instance, the customary form of prayers addressed to Jesus might be replaced by others to which no one could object—such as "Be Thou my guiding star; let Thy image stand ever before mine eyes; rule my heart; make me Thy disciple."

Professor Henry Jones of Glasgow, is the contributor on the rationalistic side whose treatment of the subject is the most thorough. To him will be assigned the first place among them. We cannot, however, regard him as particularly illuminating. Indeed, he seems to us to base some very confused ideas on a peculiarly feeble foundation. He objects to the way in which Mr. Roberts has presented the alternative of *Jesus or Christ*, as setting the entire question on a false basis. Jesus is certainly God, or at least divine, he affirms, but then so are the rest of us, or at all events so we can become; and the very purpose for which He came on earth, in the quality of the Messiah, or Christ, was to reveal to us the divinity which is in us as in Him, and to encourage us to submit

ourselves readily to its influences. In other words, He came as a Son, but a most faithful Son, of God, to deliver our sight from the veil cast over it by sin, and proclaim to us that true Fatherhood of God to which our true Sonship corresponds. Professor Jones lays great stress on this point, and argues at length to prove that in proportion as our creeds make Jesus of Nazareth *unlike* to us, they defeat the purpose of His message. If Christ was divine, and we are not divine, it seems to him that the value and encouragement of Christ's example is destroyed: for "how can actions be compared, if the persons from whom they issue differ in such a way that the one is, and the other is not, set on the side of the divine?" "The yearning of the Christian soul to be 'like unto Jesus' is, in this view, presumptuous and vain; we cannot be like Him in that alone in which we would aspire to be like Him, namely, in that which we call the highest, the best, and therefore divine." "Jesus of Nazareth gained a victory over every temptation," but "in the wilderness He was not alone, His Father was with Him; but we are left alone in the wilderness, the divine is not on our side;" [or rather] "if it is not, how can the victory of Jesus give us any assurance of our victory?" "Would we even struggle against temptation? Is the struggle against temptation not God seeking Himself in us?" We might suggest to Professor Jones that all this difficulty arises from his incomplete way of presenting the question. What, according to Christian belief, our Lord did was to set before us a living example of the virtues which can adorn and elevate human life, and to assure us of a divine source of strength, called the gift of grace, whence we can draw, if we will seek it aright, a power enabling us to liken our lives to the example of His—not indeed absolutely, but in the measure that becomes our condition, and is in itself of exquisite moral beauty and elevation. If Professor Jones will take this into account, he will see that his difficulty, based on the unlikeness under one aspect between Jesus Christ and those He came to save, loses all its force.

But it is very noticeable in Professor Jones's paper that—misled perhaps by the Scotch Calvinism in the midst of which he lives—he has most vague and inaccurate notions of the beliefs of the great Church of the Ages. It is only this which can account for his curious assumption that for many centuries the Church had no conception of any filial relation existing between man and God, and that this was why men failed until

quite recently to see that the real purpose of the Incarnation was not to propitiate an angry and hostile God, but to make known to man how deep and how enduring is the fatherly love with which God cherishes him.

The light that Jesus threw upon the nature of man, a light reflected upon man from the conception of God as universal Father, was not regarded [for many centuries by the Christian Church]. . . . In the face of the constant reiteration by Jesus of the divine fatherhood of God, and, by consequence, of the essential sonship of man; while the common prayer of the Church opened with the pregnant phrase, "*Our Father*;" in the face of the Incarnation itself, which *is* the *unity* in one person of a perfect humanity with God, the sonship of man was still not recognized. . . . God was holy, man was vile—God was a consuming fire; man might not approach Him except through media—through Jesus, through the priesthood, through rites and ceremonies. . . . Intercession with God was also necessary, and sinful man might not, or could not, plead with Him; he had been cast away. And the plea which was made for man was not based upon the love of God, nor was the appeal directed to the infinitude of His fatherly compassion; it was based upon the merit of one, who to appease the wrath of God suffered death. . . . But this is as much as to say that Jesus and Jesus alone was their God. . . . Hardly, and through many difficulties, could the minds of men rise to the fact that God was as loving, as ready to forgive, as Jesus himself. . . .

Such is Professor Jones's notion of Catholic doctrine on the Atonement and on Grace. When will distinguished writers learn that, if they claim to write as scholars, it is as imperative to seek accurate information regarding the facts when these concern the Catholic Church and her teaching, as when they concern purely secular matters. But this again is a reflection by the way, for our present purpose is to summarize not to criticize.

Professor Jones claims that divinity is not in Jesus alone but in all other men, at least as a potentiality which they can, if they will, evoke into living reality. What then does he mean by the divine? It is a fundamental question which, to judge from his paper, he does not appear to have faced straightly and squarely. The "divine" should mean what appertains to God. What then is God? He has argued that, if Jesus be God in any unique sense, the unlikeness between Him and man "lifts Him out of the context of human causes and effects, and we have no canons for judgment, or criteria of truth any more."

But, if so, does not the same conclusion apply to the case of God and man, and exclude all possibility of such an interrelation between them of fatherhood and sonship, as Professor Jones declares to be the very essence of the revelation made by Christ to his fellow-men? Or are we asked to surrender also our belief in God as the distinct Being infinite in all perfections in whom Theists have always believed? In other words is Professor Jones recommending Pantheism to us as his solution? From his general mode of speaking of God in the article one would infer that he was a Theist. Still, there are passages which tell the other way. Take the following:

To what reality can we give the name "divine"? Is it to that which is strange, alien, removed for ever into some transcendent region into which man can in no wise enter? Then the divine is unknowable: it can be described only by negations; it is *not* the natural, *not* the human; it is the supernatural and the superhuman. But Jesus of Nazareth came to reveal the divine, to make it known, and to bring it nearer to man. . . . "The reality which we call divine," and which Jesus revealed, was the love of God: the God who is Love. The reality that was on his side and that expressed itself in his words and deeds was a love so great towards God that it was God's love towards him.

We must confess to our inability to understand these words, especially the last sentence which seems unthinkable. Yet it is the sentence which comes nearest to explaining what Professor Jones means by God, and without that his whole theory of the Idealism of Jesus, which apparently he identifies with the Divine that was in Him, becomes unthinkable.

Taking these four writers as fair representatives of the modern rationalizing school of theology, we may describe its response to the grave question voiced by Mr. Roberts as substantially this. It is no longer possible for well-trained minds to believe that Jesus was really and truly God as well as Man, or even that He was endowed, either during His earthly life or since, with those superhuman qualities which the Church, following on St. Paul, ascribes to Him when it calls Him the Christ. Still, although He was simply and solely a man, in the same sense as the rest of us are men, without superhuman powers of any kind whatever, His life on earth for those few short years was, under its moral and religious aspect, of priceless value for His own and for all subsequent generations. By

proclaiming and bringing home to human hearts the vital truth of the fatherhood of God and the corresponding sonship of man, He gave a new meaning to life. "Duty," to quote again from Professor Jones, [now] "acquires a new grandeur";

In becoming the service of a loving Father, who is God, it becomes at once more obligatory and more free. Sin acquires a deeper taint, because a more tragic wrong is done to a greater love; and the forgiveness of sin acquires a new tenderness and fulness. The relations of man to man are suffused with a new glory. The egoism of self-seeking is rebuked, and even "the charities of social life come back multiplied in the tenderer and purer ties of Christian brotherhood."

Nor was this all. His teaching, precious as it was in the way of precept and exhortation, could never have accomplished these results had it not been recommended by the living example set by so surpassing a personality—for "ideas are helpless until personality lends them wings."

What leads these undoubtedly earnest men to the resting-place described, is the conflict in their minds between two opposing influences. On the one side is the twofold influence of their philosophy and criticism, on the other the weight of their spiritual experience. Their philosophy assures them that a God-man, or even a man endowed with superhuman power, is an impossible conception, whilst their criticism assures them that, when the incrustation of legend and unsound inference has been detected and discarded from the present form of the Gospel story, the genuine elements remaining over testify to a life which keeps easily within the limits of possibility that philosophy has assigned. It is this which causes them to abandon, in many cases very reluctantly, the old orthodox doctrine. On the other hand they fully recognize that, to use Dr. Percy Gardner's words, "Take them as we will, the facts of early Christianity are of a most surprising, unparalleled character." These facts, they feel, owe their origin to the influence exercised by Jesus of Nazareth, and require therefore that we shall recognize in Him a personality capable of accounting for them. Moreover, whilst as historians they look down "the long line of Christian saints and heroes who have lived in the faith of Christ . . . in conscious relation with a divine," as psychologists they examine the contents of their own interior experience, and report to us that they are conscious, when they open their hearts to the Gospel record, of a similar

force energizing in themselves and leading them to the love of Christ ; with the self-same mysterious drawing-power with which it evokes their aspirations after a better and higher life. It seems strange indeed to us Catholics that it should be so, for the witness of our own consciousness tells us that, if the image of Jesus Christ impressed on our own hearts has in us the spiritual effects to which they are likening their own, it is because, and only because, it is the image of One who is God as well as man, and binds us to Himself as to One who is our ever-living Creator, Father, Redeemer, Friend, and Companion. Yet we may well be consoled to hear that they are conscious of a similar influence in their hearts, surviving the shock of all their doctrinal negations, all the more because it is evident from the language which some of them employ that they find in Him whom they thus continue to revere not only a philosophical ideal for realization, but even an object for exercises akin to devotion and worship. Dr. Weinel calls Him the "Redeemer and Leader of Mankind to God," and Dr. Söderblom says strangely but pathetically :

So marvellous is human nature, and so deeply rooted is the need of religion, that prayer, and, in the last resort, Jesus's prayer "Thy Will be done," can be exercised by an upright heart without belief in a personal God. It throws a significant light on the state of belief in God among men of the present day that Christ can be embraced by earnestly religious hearts *without*, or *anterior* to, the assurance of a living God coming into being.

And we have already heard Dr. Schmiedel tell us how in their reluctance to surrender intercourse with Jesus by prayer, "they involuntarily idealize His historical figure."

Surely, this is an improvement on the cold, hard, and heartless materialism which a few decades back seemed to be prevailing everywhere, and still dominates in many quarters. But can it last, is it the expression of their present opinions, and not rather the still surviving expression of a soul that has but lately fled? Is it more than the still lingering beauty whose lines "Decay's effacing fingers" have not yet swept? Dr. Schmiedel may answer that, if it is not too manifest to need an answer. He has told us how, if he tolerates the continuance of a species of public worship among his followers, it is merely out of concession to their weakness, and he looks forward to a time when "veracity" will have "made its impression."

On the other hand, the moral for those who cling to this "intercourse of a person with a person," but have lost their faith in the doctrine which alone can give it a rational justification—that is to say, in the Divinity of Christ—is surely that they should reconsider the steps of the argument which has led them to this denial. It is what we will invite them to do in a subsequent article, but, meanwhile, we may point out to them how entirely, in the hands of the rationalist, the critical argument which is held to have detected the spuriousness of the relevant portions of the Gospels, is dominated by the philosophical.

S. F. S.

Two Great Modern Frenchmen.

I. A GIANT OF THE FORGE.

"THE iron age" has a grand ring about it, and as we look down the vista of centuries to it, we note that it succeeded the golden, silver and brass ages, and that primitive man could not make much progress in mastering the forces of nature, until he could compel iron to serve him in his daily struggle for existence. Probably the earliest mention of this metal being worked is in the sacred books of the Hindus in 2975 B.C., about the time that Tubal Cain is mentioned in the Bible as forging iron. The Egyptians were well acquainted with the art, and the Greeks, with their wonderful power of harmonizing art with its material, worked in iron from the ninth century B.C., while the Etruscans a little later worked the iron mines of Elba, which are still unexhausted. Being much more widely dispersed over the earth's surface, its extreme hardness satisfied the cravings of aboriginal races after strength which could be combined with beauty, while gold still remained the medium of satisfying vanity and the love of decoration.

It is not surprising that in our own times of rapid vision and love of change, the slow and laborious process of working in iron, and the difficulty of it, caused this art to fall far below the level it attained in the Middle Ages, but this has at least saved it from being tormented into mediocre designs to suit commercial tastes, for it is impossible to make what the French call a *biblot de bazar* out of it.

A sketch of the achievements of Ferdinand Marrou, one of the greatest modern iron-workers, who has once more raised this art to its former important position, will illustrate this observation, for his elegant yet virile compositions are never commonplace. The English tourist, breaking his journey at Rouen, may not in all probability notice a house ornamented in the Renaissance style with wooden beams, and scrolls and

ornamentations of lead and iron, wrought into leafy designs of surprising grace and ingenuity, a contrast to the monotonous modern houses of a French street.

The basket-shaped balcony, the iron gate, the panels of the door, and gratings, look like iron lace ; and similar work outlines the roof and chimneys. This is Monsieur Marrou's home, where he has spent so many years of quiet but immense toil.

The artist himself is like his work, slender and strong as a steel blade, with a grey moustache, thick hair thrown back from his forehead, an aquiline nose and dark grey eyes full of fire. "I was at school only until I was seven," said he once, "so . . . *qu'est ce vous voulez* ; I know nothing !"

He was born in a village of Haute-Alpes, and on the death of his mother, the little property was sold, and the orphans dispersed. Ferdinand was fourteen when he began to learn metal-working in a work-shop at Gap, where he stayed until he met an old expert, when he was eighteen, at Lyons. This man, astonished at the talent of the apprentice, invited him to come every evening to him, and promised him that he would teach him the use of the hammer.

After this, he passed on to Paris, where for ten years he worked at ornamenting houses, and he was working on a roof himself, when an iron-master from Rouen, who had heard of his talent, came to fetch him to that town, where Marrou has now been established forty-five years. The beauty of this still mediaeval-looking town was a constant inspiration to him, with its Cathedral surmounted by its iron spire, its Gothic bell-towers of filmy lightness, and its old tiled roofs stained with the mossy green and orange of time.

Some thinkers declare that stone and wood have had their day in architecture, and that the turn has now come for metals and iron to be more largely used. M. Marrou has at least solved the problem of combining utility and strength with beauty, and brings art again into play in order to build a house *con amore*, as was the mediaeval builder's habit.

"Industrial art," he exclaims, "has allowed me to work artistically, and art has supported my industry." It is curious to see him with a piece of charcoal in his fingers : his hand raises itself, and proceeds to draw as if guided by an unseen power, and leaves and scrolls unroll themselves with marvellous vitality at his touch.

Every kind of hammer hangs on the walls of his *atelier* and with blows of each unerring implement he forces his design out into relief with the skill of genius, and although he does not aim at speed, it is a delight to the watcher to see the composition springing forth after about a quarter of an hour of ceaseless blows, which, to the artist, rejoicing in the creation of his genius, have their own ardent music.

His immense works are scattered about all over the town. There is the tower of St. Romain in the style of Louis XIII., the roof and gates of the Château de St. Pierre, the roof of the new monastic buildings at Fécamp, windows eighteen feet high in the Renaissance style, a design derived from the chrysanthemum conventionalized.

If M. Marrou is asked which of his works best embodies his thought, he replies, "My fountain of Fécamp."

This fountain is surmounted by a statue of Fame, who seems to have just alighted, and sends a trumpet blast to the skies. A wonderful vine wrought in iron is the sole ornament of the basin, marvellous in its delicate interweavings and foliage, and as the tourist gazes at it, he heaves a sigh to think we have nothing like this wonderfully vital work in modern England.

II. THE NEW LEONARDO.

Victor Prouv   is a native of Lorraine, born at Nancy, and an artist, besides, of genius whose originality is combined with truth and power. Some say that his rich colouring and effects are borrowed from the great Dutch painters, Franz Hals and Reubens, whom he admired so much: others declare that he is a *Democrat* in art, but if so, he is in a goodly company of artists, of whom Velasquez is one. Prouv   is a genius who seems to care little in what material he works, and in this he reminds us of Da Vinci. He is as good a sculptor as a painter; his engravings are worthy of notice and he does not despise book-binding, his *repouss  * work in leather and metal being admirable. He has designed jewellery, and it is even said that some of the richest of the varying fashions of embroideries and glass-work, are from his fertile brain.

His aim is to introduce art into the common stream of life, into the most ordinary objects, for in his eyes there is no minor art. He can give a good lecture, too, and has many social

gifts. On account of this varied combination of talents, the Lorraine School of Art has chosen him as their leader, and for some years this active President has been the centre of considerable attention.

Those who have the privilege of visiting his studio at Nancy, will find a kind and genial host, for Prouv  is urbanity itself. In this enormous room, ten yards square, there is every kind of art appliance to be found, arranged in picturesque confusion ; instruments for every variety of work—great easels and tables, numberless tools, presses and drawers, chemicals, a jeweller's table, logs of pine-wood, and instruments for metal-work. Numerous plaster models, rough sketches for sculpture perhaps, are hung on the walls, studies for well-known paintings, statuettes, the heads of smiling children, of whom Prouv  is very fond. He studies a child's simple gestures, its grace, and delightful unconsciousness of pose and is never tired of reproducing them. He is married, and very proud of his own four children. A very original work in bronze, an enormous reading-desk, is seen in one corner ; it symbolizes *Barbaric poetry*. The stand is composed of the lion, elephant, python and pea-cock in bronze decorations ; the top is a great condor eagle, with outspread wings ; on one side the Barbaric muse, seizes the rough hide of a wolf, under a pine-tree violently shaken by the wind ; on the other side is a tropical jungle, where a tiger whets his teeth in a bamboo stem. The whole is indescribable, but certainly expresses the Barbaric.

Sometimes he likes to fly from all his great commissions at Nancy, and bury himself in the country, and for six months no one knows what has become of Prouv . Not long ago he went to the south-east of France for months, and to the picturesque bay of Bidassoa, where he filled every hour in the day with arduous studies ; he made excursions into Spain, attracted by the bull-fights ; and although his kind heart was shocked at the spectacle at first, yet the wonderful fascination of colour, movement and skill stirred his imagination and was thrown into many strong studies of the scene. His wife and family accompanied him to this country, but when autumn came on, he returned to Nancy with no less than 123 studies, each of which is almost a complete picture.

Prouv  has taken strongly to the new art of etching with colours,¹ although he has original ideas about these, and does

¹ An exhibition of these was held at the Dor  Gallery, London, autumn, 1907, sent over by George Petit, Paris, and comprised very striking effects.

not wish them to look like paintings ; but for him it is a new method of representing nature.

In 1905, a great canvas stood in his studio ; it was for the design for the ceiling at Commercy. "As they have left me free to treat the subject of 'Labour' as I please," explained the artist to a visitor, "I shall omit the usual feminine symbolic figures floating on emptiness. Different trades will be the best, the toil of that part of the country near the Meuse, together with agriculture. Very well, I shall do this, and in a few days I will go to Commercy and see the actual ceiling. Meanwhile I shall finish my portrait of Corbin." Talking about the grand lines of his design, he puts on his great black workman's blouse, girds it round his middle, and begins to work with all his might on a great piece of copper near, which, with serene manner and great confidence in himself, he proceeds to beat about and model firmly. Prouvé is as strong as Hercules, and very big ; and indeed great strength is needed for metal-working. He often interrupts his work to talk, to put a touch on another study, or to greet a friend who enters the studio without knocking, for we need scarcely say the artist is a general favourite. Two months later, while Parisians are admiring his fine portrait of M. Corbin at the *Salon*, Prouvé is putting the finishing touches, perched upon a high scaffold, to the ceiling at Commercy : the reaper emerges from his field of ripe grain and sharpens his scythe ; in the heat of the sun the plains of Lerouville display their beauty ; a woman brings the mid-day meal to the tired labourer under the tree, a train of waggons ascends the distant mountains, all is bathed in the joy of colour and the love of honest work.

And here we will leave the great painter, happy in his work ; and possibly we have described enough of him to show that he has earned the title indeed of the "new Leonardo."

VMAL OSWIN.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—I am indebted to M. Adrien Lecouvreur for the personal description of the studio and conversation of this last artist, and to M. Hughes Leroux for much about the first, Marrou, in *Tendances Nouvelles Revue*, Paris, i. No. 28 and No. 29, with the Editor's kind permission.

Christian Science.

II. MRS. EDDYISM.

IF Mrs. Eddy was the ill-educated and self-deluded person depicted in our last number, how comes it, the reader may reasonably ask, that her followers are now numbered by hundreds of thousands? Do not her very disqualifications create a presumption that the success which she has met with is a mark of the divine favour? Let me reply at once that while I regard the spread of Christian Science as an astonishing example of the gullibility of a decadent age,¹ its triumph is by no means unparalleled, and is quite sufficiently explained by the half-truth which underlies its system of healing. It must not be forgotten that Christian Science almost alone among so-called religions makes its approach upon man's weakest side—I mean the side of bodily health. Which of us cannot recall examples among our acquaintance of men who, while displaying robust common-sense in all the ordinary affairs of life, in matters of medical treatment are the ready prey of almost every quack advertisement? Now, Christian Science makes health into a religion, and in that stands alone. No doubt we Catholics have our holy shrines like Lourdes or Loreto, but no Catholic teacher has ever dreamed of putting forward the miracles of Lourdes in any other light than as the works of an exceptional dispensation. The recovery of health has never been made a bribe to attract recruits. Men do not become Catholics in order to qualify for a miracle. But in Mrs. Eddy's creed such healings are represented to be normal and not miraculous. In fact, the prospective convert is taught that if he fails to "demonstrate the Science" by healing, this is a mark that he has not as yet understood it, or else that there is something morally wanting either in the would-be healer or in his patient.² It will

¹ Those familiar with the history of Rome under the Empire, will readily recall the welcome afforded every extravagant cult imported from the East.

² Cf. e.g. such a passage as the following: "No man is physically healed in sin, or by it, any more than he is morally saved in or by sin. To be every whit whole,

be readily appreciated that this is a very prudent and ingenious limitation likely to prove useful upon occasions when Christian Science treatment has not led to any favourable result.

Let it, however, by no means be inferred that I would characterize the alleged cures of Christian Science indiscriminately as frauds or delusions. Even if other considerations were wanting, the simple fact that the founder of Christian Science appeals so confidently and so repeatedly to these works of healing as an irrefutable demonstration of the truth of her system would suggest that our sceptical instincts should here be kept in check. We may feel that we should like to have some much more precise medical evidence before we accept Mrs. Eddy's claim to have healed a crushed foot instantaneously,¹ to have raised the dying,² or to "have effected the cure, through mental surgery alone, of dislocated hip joints and spinal vertebrae,"³ but there is no sufficient reason to doubt the honesty of the numerous letters from patients which testify to their more or less complete restoration to health, and which are printed from time to time in the *Christian Science Sentinel* and other publications.⁴ At any rate, the present writer is satisfied that it is these phenomena, often surprising enough in themselves, especially to those who possess little acquaintance with morbid pathology, which have primarily contributed to draw attention to Christian Science, and which are responsible for the impression produced on the bulk of its recruits. Moreover, Mrs. Eddy, with her business-like talent for bold and effective advertisement, has always made these cures the backbone of her claim to inspiration. Here is a passage (one out of many) which I am glad to quote here, because I shall need to refer to it again in another connection.

Christian Science [she writes] is dawning upon a material age. The great spiritual facts of being, like rays of light, shine in the darkness; though the darkness, comprehending them not, may deny their reality. The proof that the system herein stated [she is referring to her Scriptural exegesis of Genesis, the Apocalypse, the name Adam, &c.] is

he must be better spiritually, as well as physically. To be made whole we must forsake the mortal sense of things, turn from the lie of false belief to Truth, and gather the facts of being from the immortal Divine Mind." *Science and Health* (1906), p. 370. Cf. *Miscellaneous Writings* (1906) p. 247.

¹ *Science and Health* (56th Ed., 1891), p. 88.

² *Science and Health* (1906), p. 373. ³ *Ibid.* p. 402.

⁴ A large selection of these, under the heading "Fruitage," serves as an Appendix to the recent editions of *Science and Health*.

Christianly scientific resides in the good it accomplishes ; for it cures on a divine demonstrable Principle which all may understand.

If mathematics should present a thousand different examples of one rule, the proving of one example would authenticate all the others. A simple statement of Christian Science, if demonstrated by healing, contains the proof of all here said of it. If one of the statements in this book is true, every one must be true, for not one departs from its system and rule. You can prove for yourself, dear reader, the Science of Healing, and so ascertain if the author has given you the correct interpretation of Scripture.¹

This, it will be seen, amounts to a claim to infallibility based upon the truth of the cures of Christian Science ; and the same line of argument recurs perpetually. For example we read :

Christian Science must be accepted at this period by induction. We admit the whole, because a part is proven, and that part illustrates and proves the entire principle.²

Or again :³

Sin, sickness and disease flee before the evangel of Truth as the mountain mists before the sun. Truth is the tonic for the sick, and this medicine of mind is not necessarily infinitesimal but infinite.⁴

But for the present let us defer our discussion of the value of the testimony given by Christian Science healing. A few words should first be said of the history and tenets of the cult.

In the February of the year 1866, just one month after the death of P. P. Quimby, Mrs. Eddy had a bad fall through slipping on the frozen road-way. No bones seemed to be broken, but as she remained for a long time insensible, and complained subsequently of great internal suffering, a homœopathic doctor who was summoned thought that there might be concussion, or possibly some spinal dislocation. The doctor prescribed for her, but Mrs. Eddy declares she was no better until two days afterwards she "lifted her heart to God," and read in her Bible the story of the healing of the paralytic. In that moment she believed that she passed through some

¹ *Science and Health* (1906), p. 547.

² *Ibid.* p. 461, and cf. *ibid.* pp. 354, 355, p. 341.

³ *Miscellaneous Writings*, p. 247, and p. 252, &c.

⁴ The reader will perhaps recall how Dr. Quimby in his circular printed in 1860, two years before he met Mrs. Eddy, insists, as a kind of key-note of his system, upon the phrase "the Truth is the Cure." See my previous article p. 14, and more fully, in H. W. Dresser, *Health and the Inner Life*, pp. 30, 32, seq.

wonderful spiritual experience. God said to her, "Daughter arise;" she arose, dressed, and walked into the next room, to the astonishment and almost to the consternation of the persons assembled there.¹ This is how Mrs. Eddy herself refers to the incident in *Science and Health*:

In the year 1866 I discovered the Christ Science, or divine laws of Life, and named it Christian Science. God had been graciously fitting me, during many years, for the reception of a final revelation of the absolute divine Principle of scientific being and healing. . . .

When apparently near the confines of mortal existence, standing already within the shadow of the death-valley, I learned these truths in divine Science: that all real being is in God, the divine Mind, and that Life, Truth, and Love are all-powerful and ever-present; that the opposite of Truth—called error,² sin, sickness, disease, death—is the false testimony of false material sense, of life in matter; that this false sense evolves, in belief, a subjective state of mortal mind which this same so-called mind names *matter*, thereby shutting out the true sense of spirit.³

My discovery that erring, mortal, misnamed *mind* produces all the organism and action of the mortal body, set my thoughts to work in new channels, and led up to my demonstration of the proposition that Mind is All and matter is naught, as the leading factor in Mind-Science.

Christian Science reveals incontrovertibly that Mind is All-in-all, that the only realities are the divine Mind and idea. This great fact is not, however, seen to be supported by sensible evidence, until its divine Principle is demonstrated by healing the sick and thus proven absolute and divine. This proof once seen, no other conclusion can be reached.⁴

¹ See Wilbur, *The Life of Mary B. Eddy*, 1908, pp. 130, 131.

² Note again this Quimby formula. Quimby repeatedly declares that all sickness is error. He also was an idealist, though differing in some minor details from Mrs. Eddy's later presentation of her views.

³ How very much Mrs. Eddy has absorbed of Dr. Quimby's ideas can only be appreciated by those who will peruse the extracts from his manuscripts and letters collected in Mr. H. W. Dresser's *Health and the Inner Life*. Here, for instance, is a sentence from a letter addressed by Dr. Quimby to the *Portland Advertiser*, February 13, 1862, and consequently before he had made Mrs. Eddy's acquaintance:

"Now, I deny disease as a truth, but admit it as a deception, started, like all other stories, without any foundation, and handed down from generation to generation until the people believe it, and it has become part of their lives. So they live a lie, and their senses are in it." Dresser, *l.c.* p. 58.

There is much more to the same effect.

⁴ *Science and Health* (1906), pp. 107—109. It is not merely a fancy of my own that this is an authoritative exposition of the great discovery of February, 1866. The greater part of the above passage is quoted by S. Wilbur in her enthusiastic *Life of Mrs. Eddy*, a Life written with official sanction and assistance.

I have quoted at some length because it must be clear that no one can be a better judge of what is fundamental in her "discovery" of Christian Science than Mrs. Eddy herself. How much, however, of all this is of older date than that good lady's accident may not only be seen by those who study Dr. Quimby's literary remains, now rendered accessible in H. W. Dresser's *Health and the Inner Life*, but also from the writings of Mr. W. F. Evans. Mr. Evans, like Mrs. Eddy, had been in intimate relation with Quimby, and like her he also devoted himself for the rest of his days to the healing of disease without drugs or manipulation. The reader may have noticed in the extract last quoted the stress laid upon the fact that Mind or God is "All" or "All-in-all." The same idea occurs repeatedly in *Science and Health*, for example, in the important summary of propositions at the end of chapter x., where the side-note reads "Allness of Spirit;"¹ or, again, where the author states:² "Allness is the measure of the infinite, and nothing else can express God." Now, strange to say, in Mr. Evans' book, *The Mental Cure*, first printed in 1869 (*i.e.*, six years before the appearance of *Science and Health*), and dealing with the same subject from a slightly different standpoint, we meet the following. It occurs, moreover, in a paragraph described in the chapter summary as "the allness of God":

God is all in all, but all things are not God. All things, singular and together, are finite or limited, and the finite cannot be the infinite. . . . He is an infinite Man and we are men by virtue of our derivation and conception from Him. But His divine life goes forth everywhere. The sphere of His love and wisdom extend beyond the bounds of creation. The universe of mind and matter is but its ultimation or visible manifestation. The divine being is in all things the least and the greatest, but in the human soul in the highest degree.³

As I do not wish to come back upon this matter I may note here that an even more striking point of resemblance between Mr. Evans' book of 1869, and Mrs. Eddy's *Science and Health* of 1875, is the prominence given by both to the idea thus worded by Mrs. Eddy, that "Spirit—the synonym of Mind, Soul, or God—is substance; that is, the only real

¹ *Science and Health* (1906), p. 331. ² *Ibid.* p. 336.

³ Evans, *The Mental Cure* (Ed. 1870), p. 21. I quote from an edition published in Glasgow in 1870, apparently a verbatim reprint of that which appeared in America the year before.

substance."¹ Thus she asks the question "What is substance?" and answers it : "That only which is eternal and incapable of discord and decay. Truth, Life and Love are substance."² Now Mr. Evans, the avowed disciple of Quimby, had written as follows six years earlier.

We have seen that God is the Central Life, the first and only life. All life in the universe is a derivation from Him, and a manifestation or modification of this primal vital force. But His life is love. Hence His love is the first and only substance, whence all other substances emanate. Everything, from the atom to the world, from the animalcule to the angel, has the root of its being in Him. . . . The divine love is not a mere idea or an emotion, but a substance from which by creative influx has gone forth all other being. If we can accustom ourselves to think of Love and Wisdom in God, and will and understanding in man, as substance, an important point will be gained. But we must carefully subtract from our conception of that substance all the properties or forces of matter, such as divisibility, impenetrability, or weight.³

*Whether Mrs. Eddy had read and borrowed from Evans' *Mental Cure*, or whether both Evans and Mrs. Eddy were echoing Quimby, it is not easy to say, but parallels such as these in books whose general subject-matter was identical seem to suggest that even the philosophical ideas of Christian Science did not entirely originate in the brain of the foundress.⁴ Further, the term "Christian Science" itself occurs in two places in the writings of Quimby, though he lays no particular stress upon it.

I must apologize for this digression, and I may add that I fully recognize that it is a matter of little consequence in itself from what source the foundress of Christian Science

¹ *Science and Health* (1906), p. 468, and p. 335, "Spirit is the only substance, the invisible and indivisible God." Compare also with this the last words of Mr. Evans in the quotation which follows.

² *Ibid.*, cf. p. 301. "The universal and spiritual man is really substantial and reflects the eternal substance or Spirit, which mortals hope for."

³ *The Mental Cure* (Ed. 1870), p. 26. Mr. Evans seems to have been a Swedenborgian.

⁴ Mr. Evans' *Mental Cure* is in many ways an excellent book, vastly superior to Mrs. Eddy's in general scholarship and clearness of exposition. He followed it up with many others upon the same subject. The parallels between the *Mental Cure* and *Science and Health* are by no means exhausted by those I have pointed out. For example, every reader of Mrs. Eddy will remember how constantly she comes back to the idea that our Lord's "casting out devils" was "casting out evils."⁵ (See e.g. *Science and Health*, pp. 494, 584, &c.) Six years before this Mr. Evans had written: "to cure disease is to cast out devils" (*Mental Cure*, p. 117), and he speaks elsewhere (p. 292) of "the term improperly rendered devils by King James's translators."

derived her ideas. None the less the mentality of Mrs. Eddy *is* a point of importance, and nothing could better illustrate that mentality than the fact that she has repeatedly repudiated all idea of indebtedness to Quimby, and in doing so has flagrantly and most invidiously misrepresented his system of mental treatment.

Returning, however, to Mrs. Eddy's "discovery," it is plain that according to her own statement it was in 1866 that the fundamental truth came home to her that Mind is All, and that matter is naught, including more particularly every form of disease. And from this starting-point she drew the inference that the power to heal all physical infirmities is left in man's own hands, a power, however, which is dependent upon his adequate perception of the above essential verities. "For three years after my discovery," Mrs. Eddy goes on to inform us, "I sought the solution of this problem of mind-healing; searched the Scriptures, read little else; kept aloof from society, and devoted time and energies to discovering a positive rule."² She began to take patients, and gathered around her a student or two to whom she imparted her method of healing. Three surviving members of a household with whom she resided for two years between 1866 and 1870 declare positively that at this time she still traced everything to Quimby, and "talked Quimby until every one grew dead tired of hearing of him."³ However she had formed a grand design of putting the theory into a book, and all her energies were now turned towards finding some one to finance her.⁴ These facts are naturally not insisted upon by Mrs. Eddy's admirers, but certain chronological data are, in any case, admitted.

¹ Any one who will take the pains to compare the account of Quimby furnished in Dresser's *Health and the Inner Life*, or in the Milmine articles (an account confirmed at every point by the evidence of Quimby's own MSS. and by abundant oral testimony) with the presentment of Quimby circulated by Mrs. Eddy in her *Miscellaneous Writings*, p. 379 (Ed. 1906), or in her *Retrospection*, will find it difficult to believe that she is not consciously and grossly lying. Personally I believe in her good faith, but only because her power of self-delusion is simply phenomenal.

² *Science and Health* (1906), p. 109.

³ See Lyman Powell, *Christian Science*, p. 72. These facts do not depend upon the bare recollection of the individuals in question. Mrs. Eddy taught her hostess, a Mrs. Wentworth, the process of healing without medicine, and in teaching her used a manuscript which she allowed her pupil to copy. The copy still exists in Mrs. Wentworth's handwriting. Now the tractate is almost word for word identical with a Quimby manuscript in the handwriting of Quimby's wife, which is dated February, 1862, *i.e.*, eight months before Mrs. Eddy first met Quimby. (See Powell, *Ibid.*)

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 71; cf. Wilbur, *Life*, p. 194.

Mrs. Eddy in the autumn of 1870 took up her residence with two students, Sarah Bagley and Richard Kennedy, the latter of whom was a young man of some means. She taught them her Science of healing, and prepared some tractates dealing with the subject, one of which was copyrighted in 1870, but not published until later.¹ In 1873, she divorced her second husband, Dr. Daniel Patterson, from whom she had been for some time separated. Meanwhile, there was great coming and going among the little knot of male and female students whom she gathered round her, for she seems to have cast sufficient spell over her *entourage* to inspire many of them with acute jealousy when she showed favour to one or another of the group to the prejudice of the rest. Kennedy parted from her in 1872. Her book, *Science and Health*, was eventually published in 1875 with the help of a Mr. Spofford, then her pupil in "metaphysical healing," but afterwards prosecuted by her for "witchcraft," the statutory offence which came nearest to her real charge of "malicious animal magnetism." This Mr. Spofford had been the first treasurer of the "Christian Scientist Association" formed in 1876, which was the germ of the present Christian Science Church. Mrs. Eddy's own account of this further development runs thus :

At a meeting of the Christian Scientist Association on April 19, 1879, it was voted to organize a church to commemorate the words and works of our Master, a Mind-healing church without a creed, to be called the Church of Christ, Scientist, the first such church ever organized. The charter for this church was obtained in June, 1879, and during the same month the members, twenty-six in number, extended a call to me to become their pastor. I accepted the call, and was ordained in 1881, though I had preached five years before being ordained.²

This church was afterwards dissolved, and it may be said here once for all that it would be impossible for any one who has not studied the records closely to have any conception of

This is supposed to be the same as the chapter called "Recapitulation" in *Science and Health*, pp. 465-497 (Ed. 1906); but, in point of fact, it differs considerably, as any one will see who compares the "Recapitulation" of 1881 (3rd Edit. I, pp. 115-167), with the 1906 edition. For example, to the first question, "What is God?" the answer in 1881 was "Jehovah is not a person. God is Principle." The answer now is: "God is divine Principle, supreme incorporeal Being, Mind, Spirit, Soul, Life, Truth, Love."

² Eddy, *Retrospection and Introspection* (Ed. 1906), p. 62.

the atmosphere of intrigue and petty chicanery in which all the early history of this association seems to be involved. The marriage of the foundress to one of the band, Mr. Asa G. Eddy, in 1877 seems to have been a central factor in all these stirs.¹ Peace was only established among the association of Christian Scientists when Mrs. Eddy at last found a circle of coadjutors who were willing to render abject obedience to her masterful will. From that time forth she has been more than the pope of the organization which she has created, and the present writer, for one, is tempted to infer the probability of a very close relation between the psychic force which seems to have effected so many remarkable bodily cures and the dominant personality capable of this great enterprize, an enterprize always conducted, it appears, on the soundest business lines.²

The reader may have noticed that in a quotation from Mrs. Eddy's *Retrospection* given a little above, that lady describes the nascent organization as a "church without a creed." This is presumably only a *façon de parler*. The Christian Science Text-book, *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*, provides creed, ritual and manual of theology all in one. I have already in my previous article insisted upon the sanctions under which its acceptance is enforced, but I cannot refrain from adding another illustration. In her *Miscellaneous Writings* Mrs. Eddy speaks in the following characteristically bashful terms of the great work of which she claims to be the author :

Centuries will intervene before the statement of the inexhaustible topics of that book become (*sic.*) sufficiently understood to be absolutely demonstrated. The teacher of Christian Science needs continually to study this Text-book. His work is to replenish thought and to spiritualize human life from this open fount of Truth and Love. . . . When closing his class the teacher should require each member to own a copy of the above-named book³ and to continue the study of

¹ Mr. Powell states that though Mrs. Eddy was then fifty-six, her age was given as forty in the marriage license. The bridegroom himself was forty. Curiously enough we find Mrs. Eddy writing two years earlier, in the first edition of *Science and Health* (p. 215) : "Never record years and keep time-tables of births and deaths if you would preserve the full faculties of womanhood and manhood." Mrs. Eddy holds that that *is*, which man—or woman—thinks to be, and the principle is as convenient in questions of age as in those of disease.

² Mark Twain perhaps carries to excess his persiflage of Mrs. Eddy's commercial instincts and of the large private fortune she has built up out of the proceeds of her books, but the main fact remains that she is now a very wealthy woman, though she was a poor one before she started Christian Science.

³ It costs 14s. or more, according to binding, three quarters of this is pure profit, and the proceeds go to Mrs. Eddy.

this text-book. The opinions of men cannot be substituted for God's revelation. It must not be forgotten that in times past, arrogant ignorance and pride, in attempting to steady the ark of Truth, have dimmed the power and glory of the Scriptures, to which this Christian Science text-book is the Key.¹

It will already have been noticed that the author declares that "if one of the statements in this book is true, every one must be true,"² and this becomes particularly interesting when we look at the exposition of Christian Science belief preserved in the early editions of *Science and Health*, but considerably modified in the later issues. I would refer in particular to a certain "Platform of Christian Scientists," drawn up by Mrs. Eddy in 1877,³ and afterwards reprinted, with extensive alterations, as part of the chapter upon the "Science of Being."⁴ The following are the opening paragraphs of the original version :

PLATFORM OF CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS.

I. That God is supreme, the only Life, Substance and Intelligence of the Universe and man; that there is neither a personal Deity, a personal devil, nor a personal man.

II. That God is Principle and not person, Mind and not matter: that this Principle is what the Scripture declares it, namely Life, Truth and Love.

III. That God, which is the perfect Mind or Principle, including the perfect idea, is all that is real or eternal.

IV. That God is Spirit, and Spirit is infinite; and there is but one Spirit, because there can be but one *infinite*, and there is but one God.

V. That Spirit is the only substance, even "the substance of things to be hoped for and the evidence of things not seen." The spiritual and eternal are substance, whereas the material and temporal are not substance.⁵

This "Platform" further states that God "cannot be person," for "if the eternal Intelligence or Mind started from personality it would be a limited mind and could not be infinite." Similarly it is laid down in § x., "There never was a material idea or personal man," and again, § xiii., "A personal God, a personal

¹ *Miscellaneous Writings* (69th Edition, 1906), p. 92. Cf. *Ibid.* p. 114, and pp. 314, 315, 364, 382, 383.

² See above p. 134.

³ See Preface to 3rd Edition of *Science and Health*, i. p. xii.

⁴ *Science and Health* (1906), p. 330.

⁵ *Science and Health* (3rd Edition, 1881), vol. ii. pp. 192—195.

man, a personal devil, and evil and good spirits are theological mythoplasm, mere beliefs that must finally yield to the opposite science of God and man."

I do not quite see how a religion which admits such very categorical assertions in its sacred book, the acceptance of which is obligatory on all its members, can be called a Church without a creed. As we find it formulated in 1881, this creed is pure pantheism. But it is plain either that Mrs. Eddy did not grasp the meaning of her own utterances, and particularly of the word *personal*, or else that when she found that her denial of a personal God, man, and devil gave offence to many, she quietly modified it. Seeing that in writing *Science and Health* she was "only a scribe echoing the harmonies of heaven in divine metaphysics,"¹ we seem forced to the conclusion that at the right moment Heaven providentially altered its harmonies. But the manner in which Mrs. Eddy effected her change of front is delightfully characteristic. She quietly drops her denial of a personal God, but insinuates elsewhere that if she had previously denied it, she did so on account of her readers' lack of acquaintance with philosophical terminology. "As the words *person* and *personal*," she says, "are commonly and ignorantly employed, they often lead, when applied to Deity, to confused and erroneous conceptions of divinity, and its distinction from humanity."²

Nothing can be more baffling to the critic of Christian Science teaching than the elusiveness and shiftiness of its tenets. For example, Mrs. Eddy in 1881 seems as plainly as words can express it, to identify herself with unmitigated Pantheism. But mention the word in a tone of depreciation and she at once repudiates the charge indignantly. She knows all about Pantheism and has consulted her Webster on the subject, as well as the Standard Dictionary. Pantheism is derived from two Greek words meaning all and God. Besides, she goes on, Roman mythology was one of her favourite "girlhood studies," and Roman mythology has much to say regarding the god Pan, who "is supposed to preside over sylvan solitudes." The

¹ Eddy, *Retrospection*, p. 95.

² *Science and Health* (1906), p. 116. It is curious that Mrs. Eddy is constantly harping upon this question of personality in her later utterances, evidently with the desire to set herself right with her critics. Her idea seems to have been that the word *person* implies something anthropomorphic. See *Miscellaneous Writings*, pp. 397—310, and *Retrospection* (1906 Edition), pp. 99, 100.

suggestion that Christian Science is pantheistic is ridiculous because

Christian Science is science, and therefore is neither hypothetical, nor dogmatical, but demonstrable, and looms above the mists of Pantheism higher than Mount Ararat above the deluge.¹

But if an illustration be wanted of the fickle nature of Mrs. Eddy's divine inspiration, nothing more wonderful can be found than the sixteenth paragraph of her original "Platform of Christian Scientists," the first five paragraphs of which have just been quoted. Neither must the reader suppose that I am taking advantage here of unguarded utterances, mere *obiter dicta* to which their author never gave a second thought. This "Platform" was prepared by her in 1877 as a summary, in only nineteen paragraphs, of the most important heads of Christian Science teaching. It was used in her instructions to her pupils for several years, and was printed in 1881 and in subsequent editions, until it was replaced (about 1891, I think) by a very much modified version. This contains that wonderful section connecting the name Adam with "a dam or an obstruction," which was quoted in my last article. But the original and still more astonishing form of Mrs. Eddy's divinely inspired interpretation of Genesis runs as follows :

XVI. The word "Adam" signifies "original sin," "error" and not man. "Adam" is from the Latin *demens* meaning "madness" (*sic*) "to undo," "to spoil." The word should read as rendered, A damn. The Scripture plainly declares Adam accursed, yet our translators have as plainly declared the word and the curse a man, and this man to have originated in dust instead of deity! The eternal "Us," or "I" made man in the "image and likeness of God." A curse was not this likeness. A limited mind or a limited body, a limited sinner or a limited saint, is not the likeness of Infinity.²

In the presence of this inspired utterance it is interesting to find Mrs. Eddy remarking rather earlier in the same volume :

¹ See Mrs. Eddy's little pamphlet or address which is entitled *Christian Science versus Pantheism*, p. 5, a wonderful contribution to literature which, like all her other works, has gone through many editions. The reader who will consult this work will find that literally the only scrap of argument which the address contains to prove that the teaching of Christian Science is not pantheistic is represented by the few words quoted above. All the rest of the tract is filled with vapourings about Pan and other topics equally relevant.

² *Science and Health*, 3rd Ed. Vol. ii. p. 196.

Why the [Book of] Genesis and Revelations in the Scriptures seem more obscure than other portions is because they are more impossible to interpret from a material standpoint. To me they are the transparencies of the Bible.

Then after referring by implication to her exposition of Genesis as "the full maturity of metaphysics," Mrs. Eddy resumes :

When a single statement of our metaphysics is proven, every one is proven ; for each one will be found to correspond with the Principle of metaphysics when this Principle is understood. If we have given to you, dear readers, as you all can prove on learning it, the science of metaphysics in healing the sick, we also have given you the correct metaphysical version of the foregoing texts.¹

Whether Adam=a dam, or Adam=a damn, best corresponds with "the Principle of metaphysics," far be it from me to pretend to decide. It seems a nice point. But this is not the only matter in which Mrs. Eddy's revelations in 1881 conflict with those of a later date. One of the most curious features in Christian Science ritual is the practice of the congregation reciting the Lord's Prayer with Mrs. Eddy's priceless elucidations sandwiched between each of the petitions. At present it runs thus :

Our Father which art in Heaven,
Our Father-Mother God, all harmonious,

Hallowed be Thy name.

Adorable one.

Thy Kingdom come.

Thy Kingdom is within us, Thou art ever present.

Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.

Enable us to know,—as in Heaven, so on earth,—God is omnipotent, supreme.

Give us this day our daily bread ;

Give us grace for to-day ; feed the famished affections ;

And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

And Love is reflected in love ;

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil ;

And God leadeth us not into temptation, but delivereth us from sin, disease, and death.

For thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory for ever.

For God is infinite, all-power, all-Life, Truth, Love, over all and All.

¹ *Science and Health*, 3rd Edition, 1881, ii. p. 142. I have already quoted above, p. 134, the later version of this latter passage.

When Mrs. Eddy in 1881, stated "The following is the spiritual signification of the Lord's Prayer," her views were somewhat different. For example, "Thy will be done," &c. then meant: "*And when this supremacy of Spirit shall appear, the dream of matter will disappear*"¹ while in 1891 "Forgive us our debts," &c., signified: "*Truth will destroy the chains of error*."² Probably if Mrs. Eddy lives long enough to carry through some further revisions of *Science and Health*, the petition, "Give us our daily bread" in a few years will come to denote, "*Let us sing a hymn in praise of the Foundress of Christian Science*," or even better, *We will purchase and read daily the inspired book, SCIENCE AND HEALTH WITH KEY TO THE SCRIPTURES*. One can see no reason why it should not have that signification, as much as any of the many quite different things it has signified to Mrs. Eddy in the past.

To say the truth, it seems almost impossible to treat with our author as with a responsible and logical intelligence. With a certain sublime audacity she takes up her position behind ramparts of words which have the appearance of meaning something, but which are really as illusory as the Emperor's invisible new clothes in the fairy-story. And it is the same everywhere, whether we are dealing with the outskirts or the primary conceptions of her "Metaphysics." Take, for example, the following passage:

The fundamental propositions of Divine Metaphysics are summarized in the four following, to me, *self-evident* propositions. Even if reversed, these propositions will be found to agree in statement and proof, showing mathematically their exact relation to Truth.³ De Quincey says mathematics has not a foot to stand upon which is not purely metaphysical.⁴

1. God is All in all.
2. God is good. Good is Mind.
3. God, Spirit, being all, nothing is matter.
4. Life, God, omnipotent good, deny death, evil, sin, disease—disease, sin, evil, death, deny good, omnipotent God, Life.

¹ *Science and Health* (1881), vol. ii. p. 176.

² *Science and Health* (1891), p. 322.

³ What conceivable meaning can attach to this sentence? Does Mrs. Eddy mean by the word *agree* that these propositions coincide with one another, or that they are consistent, or only that they are equally reliable? Again, what is the point of saying that they agree in statement as well as in proof? And what after all is the proof of these "self-evident" propositions? or how can it be called mathematical?

⁴ The accuracy of this remark of De Quincey's may or may not be matter for argument, but what is its relevance here?

Which of the denials in proposition four is true? Both are not, cannot be true. According to the Scripture, I find that God is true "but every [mortal] man is a liar."

The Divine Metaphysics of Christian Science, like the method in mathematics, proves the rule by inversion.¹ For example: there is no pain in Truth and no truth in pain; no nerve in Mind, and no mind in nerve; no matter in Mind, and no mind in matter; no matter in Life, and no life in matter; no matter in good and no good in matter.²

I may be very obtuse, but I must confess that all this sounds to me as no better than midsummer madness. Of proof, of evidence, or even plausibility I cannot find a trace. I simply do not know what the writer means, neither can I find anybody else who is willing to hazard a conjecture on the subject. None the less this is represented by the author as being the very threshold of her so-called "metaphysical" system and consequently a pre-requisite to any successful practice of healing. One seems required to draw the inference that the complete and successful healer—I mean the finished product—must be an intellectual giant of the first water. And yet, somehow or other, the literary tone of Christian Science publications does not encourage such a persuasion, neither are the adherents of Christian Science conspicuously recruited from among the ranks of the senior wranglers, the Cabinet Ministers, the University Professors, and other notabilities who form the intellectual *élite* of English-speaking countries.

It had been my intention when I started this paper to attempt some sort of general refutation of Christian Science doctrines, so far as it has doctrines which are capable of being argued against. But frankly, it seems to me now that it would only be labour lost. If Christian Science could be separated from the personality and writings of Mrs. Eddy, it might be worth while to frame an orderly indictment of its main positions, of its crude idealism, its fundamental Pantheism, of its delusive dream of the extinction before long of death and disease, of

¹ Any one who studies Mrs. Eddy's phraseology at all carefully will discover that when she speaks of "mathematics" she means the only branch of mathematical science apparently known to her, *i.e.*, the rules of simple arithmetic. We can hardly then be wrong in supposing that in her reference to "*the* method in mathematics," Mrs. Eddy is alluding to the recondite fact that when you have totted up a column of figures, the best way of proving the correctness of your result is to add up the figures again in the reverse order. However, the outsider who has not studied Mrs. Eddy's tricks of language, might easily suppose that she was speaking from an intimate knowledge of quaternions and the differential calculus.

² *Christian Science* (1906), p. 113.

its misconception of our Saviour's life-work, as though He had come upon earth primarily to heal the sick, of its systematic denunciation of pain and sorrow as evil in themselves, of its denial of any true redemption through Jesus Christ,¹ and of its preposterous cult of longevity.² But since, as was pointed out at the beginning of my previous article, Christian Science cannot by any possibility be dissociated from Mrs. Eddy, her life and writings must remain for all time its complete and sufficient refutation. Let me repeat that any one who cannot swallow Mrs. Eddy whole and entire has no right to call himself a Christian Scientist. He may qualify his predilections for a system of mental healing by any other name, but he is only helping on the cause of delusion and humbug if he professes to retain membership in the Church of Christ, Scientist. Personally, I cannot help thinking that endless harm has been wrought amongst the ill-educated and the intellectually feeble by the example of persons of much higher mental calibre who, while themselves utterly unable to accept the grotesque absurdities of Mrs. Eddy's teaching, nevertheless allow their names to be cited freely as professing adherents of the Christian Science Church. They have no title to such a designation, and the sooner they discover some distinct term to describe their own position of aloofness, the sooner many honest but simple-minded people will discover that the book, *Science and Health*, instead of being, as they believe, the treasure-house of a religious philosophy so sublime as to be above their comprehension, is, throughout four-fifths of its bulk, simply a tissue of unintelligible absurdities.

It is impossible, however, to quit the subject without saying something about the results of Christian Science teaching and practice, results which Mrs. Eddy characteristically styles its "Fruitage." But the discussion of this vital aspect of the question must be reserved for another and final article in our next number.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ "Jesus never ransomed man by paying the debt sin incurs; whosoever sins must suffer." (*Science and Health*, 1st Edition, p. 312; 3rd Edition, ii. p. 190.)

² Similar objections are discussed in *The Faith and Works of Christian Science*, by the writer of *Confessio Medici*, London, 1909, pp. 1—61; and in Dean Lefroy's *Christian Science contrasted with Christian Faith*, London, 1903.

In Siena.

"To the town and its treasures of art, the traveller should devote two and a half to three days at least." Thus *Baedeker*, with his air of easy liberality. It is plain he did not visit it in the company of an ardent mediaevalist with an antique ignorance of the value of time only equalled by her devotion to the saints. In such company two months hardly suffices, for time certainly goes much faster in Siena than anywhere else. It was impossible to begin to see anything without finding that it was time to do something else—go to Mass, or home for lunch, for instance. For if you require to know who everyone is in a picture crowded with saints and angels, and also to remember the story or legend it records—well, time exceeds its own speed limit, and one is invariably late for everything, with disastrous results to other people's tempers.

Apart from this drawback Siena is an ideal place for a mediaevalist. Not that he or she escapes without shocks: for are there not small but persistent tram-cars and an occasional motor? But then the streets are so narrow, and bordered on either side by enormously tall houses and palazzos which completely shut out all sun, and there are no foot-paths, and the tiny shops have no windows to speak of, and the narrow streets are blocked at times by country carts with creaking wheels drawn by beautiful white oxen or three mules abreast, or by a mule and a donkey—and these are all joys. And after all the tram-cars have no rails laid down for them, but are merely "conducted" by overhead wires. The motor-cars are much more incongruous and annoying, especially at the hour after sunset, when the Sienese descend into the streets and parade slowly up and down in a compact mass, laughing, talking, joking, now that the day's work is done and the time for rest has come. The mediaevalist would have had a better opinion of their public spirit if they would have remained closely wedged together at the advent of some *honking* monster, and offered

themselves as a holocaust to the spirit of progress. It annoyed her when they gave way—as few feet as possible, it is true—to let one through.

But we are all inconsistent : and even the mediaevalist shied at the Sienese method of street mending (if such it can be called), in spite of its truly mediæval character. The streets are paved with enormous blocks of *tufa*, whose surface wears smooth and slippery with time and tread of hoof and foot ; and to correct this gangs of cheerfully irresponsible brigands, each armed with chisel, hammer, and an entirely futile little shield of plaited rushes placed in front of him, squat at the side of the street, and proceed to knock wedge-shaped pieces out of the stone in regular patterns, and in utter disregard of the life and eyes of passers-by. No one but ourselves seemed to mind it in the least, however, so the mediaevalist supposed that some of Siena's many saints had taken this special branch of street danger under his particular care. Otherwise how account for the apparent immunity, of the children especially, from this version of the “ arrow that flieth by day ”?

One's first impression of Siena was of wandering in alleys with a momentary expectation of coming out into broader and lighter thoroughfares, and it was with quite a pleased little shock that one discovered that these were the principal streets containing the largest shops and hotels. One began to understand the old accounts of Paris and London. It seemed natural to think of foot-pads and the watch with dim, swinging lanterns. Though Siena has long superseded these by *carabonieri* and electric light, the latter is not very convincing or penetrating, and powerless to destroy the picturesqueness of the funeral processions as, at the hour of dusk, they swing more or less quickly along the narrow ways, headed by clergy, with small acolytes bearing red-burning torches, and the coffin borne by members of the Guilds who, wearing the white garments and linen masks of the ancient Misericordia, undertake voluntarily the care of the sick and the burial of the dead. Always after the hour of *Ave Maria* do these processions pass through the streets, and the more considerable the burial the later the hour ; for Italians have an inborn sense of the fitness of things, and do not seek to parade their mourning in the garish light of day before a bustling crowd.

On one evening a noisy gang of students, protesting violently against some supposed attack on their rights or privileges, were

good enough to organize a demonstration that filled the streets with a flood of moving colour. They hired open carriages and drove slowly through them, waving lighted Chinese lanterns of many hues on the end of what looked like fishing-rods. Looking down upon them from the height of our four-storey windows the effect was as of a serpent-like rainbow, weird and magical, and unspoilt even by the stentorian shouting of songs, whose meaning our ignorance of their language left us (happily, no doubt) unable to translate.

A systematic pursuit, on the part of the mediævalist, of everything Franciscan, took us one day outside the Porta Ovile to the little house said to have been a temporary resting-place of St. Francis in the course of his many wanderings. It is now inhabited by a priest, who was absent on the day of our visit; but we were received with open arms by a little tender-eyed old woman who announced herself his mother, and invited to enter and inspect, not only the little old room hallowed by memories of the Saint, but also the whole house, which had been added to and partly rebuilt by her husband. She showed us with pride the largest and best room, which, she informed us, the Little One had slept in when he had once made a Visitation there. It took some explaining on her part to get into our heads that the Little One was the late Archbishop of Siena; but she found the affectionate term so natural that we concluded his Grace had borne it (perhaps unconsciously) among his people. She was full of reminiscences of him, mingled with stories of her late husband and his tragic death from the kick of a horse; and she wept over these and the virtues of her son, Don Primo, with equal unction. "I called him Primo," she said, "for he was the first, and since he is also the best I was right, was I not, dear ladies?" Then she showed us his library, containing Greek, Latin, French, and German books, as well as much Italian literature, with the awestruck pride of one who could not read, and his bedroom, with the glee of the house-proud mother. It was all clean and sweet and fresh, and the windows looked straight over olive and vine-decked valleys to the piled-up buildings of L'Osservanza. The mediævalist, thoroughly enjoying herself, discoursed of St. Francis, and it came out that we were converts. What the good soul thought converts were I have no idea, but fear she took us for saints, for she insisted on kissing our hands, and she wept again and gave thanks to God. Then she picked

the few flowers there were to be found in the little garden, mixed them with some leaves from a sweet-smelling tree, and we left amid a shower of blessings.

But, of course, the engrossing subject in Siena is its own St. Catherine, who, according to *Baedeker* (once more), "took the veil at the age of eight, and became celebrated for visions." We followed the guide-book instructions to the point of "descending the Via Costa S. Antonio, and entering the first side street to the right, which leads straight to the upper entrance of *Sponsae Christi Katherine Domus*." But we found that it had forgotten to mention the swarms of children who rush to meet one, and point out the very visible door of the house in expectation of stray *centésimi*. The mediævalist was stern in declining to lend herself to any such traffic in the supposed helplessness of tourists. She felt herself a pilgrim, and guides were out of the question, and she has small sympathy with the speculative youth of the day. Once inside, and led by a rather shy young priest, we visited all the rooms, and tried somewhat vainly to picture them as they must have been when the tanner and his family occupied them. They have, alas! been hopelessly modernized, and mostly turned into chapels—the atmosphere is lost. It is hard to realize the little child, one apart among so many, who found it so difficult to isolate herself in the crowded little house, for the contemplation her soul longed for—to think of her in these quiet oratories, with their pictured walls, as deprived of all peace, except such as she bore within her. And yet, if one pauses to think—if, above all, one kneels at Mass in the upper room, "once a kitchen," there comes a breath of heavenly air, and a feeling that the very walls are soaked with prayer. Then the very modern pictures on them, painted as a labour of love by a French artist and his wife, and representing the Saint as a fair-haired "pretty" girl, cease to obtrude quite so hopelessly as at first.

But the real place in Siena where one grows to love St. Catherine and to gain acquaintance with her, as it were, is in the Church of St. Dominic, so much beloved and frequented by her. In itself it is a noble Gothic building with an air of lofty space in its unaisled interior that must have made it like a glimpse of Heaven to the child, who would leave her crowded home in the narrow street to climb, past the fountain of Fontebranda, the hill of St. Dominic, to find within its walls the long array of altars (twenty-six there are now) at its sides, and many more in the noble transept at the far end, all in daily use as they

must then have been when the Dominicans held it, as afterwards also when the Benedictines had it. Now, alas! they are for the most part idle and unused. One solitary Benedictine Father says his daily Mass there and fills the office of parish priest, while the monastery is used as a Government school, and the crypt as a cavalry barracks! The church would doubtless long since have been closed but that it is a show place to which come crowds of tourists eager to see the Sodoma pictures and curious to uncover the portions of the old pavement in the Cappella della Volta—the tiny chapel where the Saint spent so many long hours and such marvels took place. Here are the sacred places where our Lord showed her His heavenly favours, and where the uneducated, neglected daughter of a tanner gained the learning that astonished Christendom and the strength that defeated politicians and reinstalled the Pope in his Roman See. It is appropriate that over its altar there should be the little faded cracked fresco of the Saint and one of her companions, by Andrea Vanni, that one instinctively feels to be vastly more true to life—a better likeness, so to speak—than any of the paintings by Sodoma in the Chapel of St. Catherine, where her head lies in its silver shrine.

To look down on the city from a window at the back of the high altar in St. Dominic's is to gain not only a fine view of the stately cathedral, but also of the Via Benincasa, which as the Via dei Tintori, was the dwelling-place of the family Benincasa long before their little daughter had made their name and their house world-famous. There the skins still hang to dry from windows and over walls, as they did when Catherine played and worked, helping her mother in the little house at home.

A very slight acquaintance with the Sienese seems to make it easier to understand, at least partly, her wonderful influence on her age and world. They are a strenuous, virile people, still so true to type, that one constantly encounters in the streets faces and figures that might have stepped bodily out of the oldest pictures they possess, a type that combined with sanctity might well regenerate a nation and missionize a world. They are faithful, too, to their ancient devotion to the Mother of God. Her Litany is never sung in Siena without the additional invocation: "*Advocata Sienensis, ora pro nobis.*" Amid much that is evil and "modern," in its worst sense, it is a bright spot of light and a powerful appeal.

EDITH GILBERTSON.

Race and Religion in Canada.

DURING the past year, the Catholics of Canada have been exhorted, Sunday after Sunday, to pray earnestly that "peace and harmony amongst us . . . may happily result from" the first Plenary Council held in British North America. That there is more than common need for such a prayer, more, even, than such an important occasion inevitably demands, no one familiar with Canadian ecclesiastical conditions, and with the circumstances and questions arising out of them, can fail to admit. It appears, however, that certain explanations and statistics are necessary in order to render these conditions, circumstances, and questions, most of all the implied lack of peace and harmony, intelligible to English readers. They may, therefore, be briefly given here, and wherever in the course of this article they may seem to be required or called for.

The total population of the Dominion, according to the last census, taken in 1901, is given by the *Canada Year Book*, 1908, as 5,371,315. The total Catholic population, according to the same authority, was at that date 2,229,600, or rather more than fifty per cent. of the whole. Of these, according to *Le Canada Ecclésiastique*, 1906, 1,649,000 were of French Canadian origin, those of all other origins, chiefly Irish, Scottish, and English, 580,000. This gives at once an overwhelming majority of French Canadian Catholics, a fact which must always be taken into account with respect to the subject to be here discussed. With respect, moreover, to Ontario and Quebec, the two Provinces that chiefly concern us, the figures are not less noteworthy. The total population of the latter Province is given, as above, as being 1,648,000, the total Catholic population as 1,429,260; the French Canadians among these last numbering 1,322,110. Both the Protestant minority, therefore, and the English-speaking Catholic minority, form a very small percentage of the whole.

Coming to Ontario, we find the total population given as

2,182,947, with only 390,304 Catholics. Of these, 158,670, somewhat less than half, are of French Canadian origin, chiefly, it may be said, in the archdiocese and city of Ottawa, and in the suffragan sees of Pontiac and Pembroke. Manitoba, to complete these statistics, has a Catholic population of 70,000; the new Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan, 32,000; British Columbia, 31,000, the remainder being found in the Maritime Provinces.¹

The two Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, however, as already stated, the one as overwhelmingly Protestant as the other is Catholic, are those in which racial and religious problems would most naturally arise. That these problems, commonly known as the Race Question, do exist there can be no doubt at all. They are, indeed, at the root of all the political, constitutional, and educational questions affecting the Dominion; their chief interest for Catholics consisting in the fact that they affect no less surely all matters relating to the Church in British North America.

In saying this as I do, with all the diffidence of a mere observer, and of a layman dealing with matters that trench very closely on the domain ecclesiastical, I am not unconscious of the fact that the friction arising inevitably out of the conditions above detailed has of late years appeared to lose, if it has not actually lost, much of its earlier acerbity and virulence, though it must not for that reason be by any means regarded as extinct. I mean that, taking the most favourable view possible of the actual situation, there can, I think, be no question that, whether as an active antagonism, as an uneasy consciousness of friction, or as a regrettable tradition, a certain racial difference,

¹ In respect of the apparent number of French Canadians in the Province of Ontario, allowance should, as a competent authority states, be made for the fact that in the census of 1901 all persons bearing French names were counted as French. As no fewer than twenty per cent. of the "French" children attending a large school in an "English" parish are unable to speak French, it is evident that the French population is not so large as at first sight it might be taken to be. It is, in fact, the chief cause of objection on the part of the French Canadians to marriages of French men to Irish or Scottish women that the children "go with the mother and cease to be French." As to whether this loss is to any appreciable extent counterbalanced by what may be called reverse marriages, where the wife and mother is French, I have no means of ascertaining. My impression certainly is, however, that the wife in most instances follows her husband, and the children are either bi-lingual or English, the latter, I should say, preponderating. As to what racial characteristics this would seem to indicate, it might be difficult to decide. It should rather be set down to the influence of an "alien," i.e., overwhelmingly "English," environment.

whether in Church or State, does exist, and must be taken into account.

It is this difference, then, this friction between one race and another, and not merely as between Protestants and Catholics, as it concerns the growth, the welfare, and the good estate of Christ's Holy Catholic Church in Canada, that we are here to consider. And this because, strange as it may appear to readers of THE MONTH, the division exists, racially, no less between those of the Household of Faith than between those whose creeds, as well as whose nationality, are as wide apart as they can well be. It is naturally a difficult matter to treat of, lest, all unwittingly, offence should be given where none, as I need hardly protest, is so much as thought of. The mere statement of the case may, however, it is surely lawful to hope, in view of the recent Council, and of the Eucharistic Congress to be held this year in Montreal, put the whole matter in a clearer light, and help, if ever so little, to remove prejudices and misunderstandings.

Going back for the moment to the purely historical aspect of the question, it may be said without hesitation that the antagonism here referred to was, from the very beginning of British rule in Canada, as much a religious as a national one. Also, that the French Canadians, originally in a majority, but now a dwindling minority amid an alien population, have, from the Cession to the present day (since race and religion have always seemed to them inseparable if not identical interests) been forced into an attitude of not too hopeful defence, from which disloyalty to racial traditions, as they deem it, if not, indeed, to their most cherished spiritual heritage, has appeared the only and yet wholly impossible issue. The fact is worth noting carefully, as it accounts more than all else for a certain "aggressiveness," common to all losing causes, of which the French Canadians have been, and still are, somewhat unreasonably and unjustly accused. The Conquest of New France, that is to say, while largely the outcome of New England's political jealousy of a formidable rival, and fear of French and Indian aggression, was no less surely inspired by Puritan hatred and intolerance of Papists and Popery, a veritable Israelitish zeal for the utter destruction of the Canaanite and idolater who held the key to the fur trade of the North and West. The same hatred and intolerance, it is safe to say, marked the attitude of the King's "old subjects" towards his "new subjects"

for many years subsequent to 1760, and was a source of no little trouble and annoyance to the military governors, who, within their limitations as British churchmen, seemed to have striven honestly enough to interpret the terms of the Treaty of Paris with a very reasonable amount of fairness, all things considered.

There can, at all events, be no doubt as to the existence in Quebec, no less than in Ireland, of a vehemently attempted, and not wholly unsuccessful Protestant ascendancy, tempered, in this instance at least, by the authority of a country which was about to show so generous a hospitality to the exiled Bishops, priests, and Religious of revolutionary France. It was an ascendancy, moreover, shaken, if not overthrown, by the loyalty of the French Canadians to their new allegiance at the outbreak, and during the course of the American Revolution, a loyalty which must, unquestionably, be placed to the credit of their religion, and of their submission to their clergy. Nor was it unnatural, under the circumstances, that an ascendancy, so attempted, and so resisted, should breed a racial and religious antagonism between French Catholics and English Protestants which is only now, if at all, beginning to lose its bitterness.

But it is of the essence of this question, as it affects the Church in Canada, that Catholics of English speech, commonly spoken of as "English Catholics," have, for the most part, ranged themselves according to language, rather than according to creed, socially speaking, that is to say, and, to some extent, politically, although not in matters distinctly affecting religion or education. To the Irishman in Canada, his Saxon oppressor is so little obnoxious that he is not averse, as above indicated, to be classed as an "English" Catholic; much less so, apparently, than as a "Frenchman," whom, indeed, to judge by his speech and manner, he holds as in some sense a "foreigner." That the compliment is returned with interest goes without saying. The feeling, as the expression of an underlying antagonism, extends, in certain spheres, even to the clergy, and is most noticeable, perhaps, in matters relating to education. Hence one finds English and French churches in one and the same parish, as well as in the same city, each served by clergy of its own speech, accompanied, as might be expected, by a similar distinction between French and English schools.

These distinctions, it cannot be too often insisted on, do not extend to matters of faith. But if only, so to speak, surface

irritations, they point unmistakably to a real want of harmony and unity, and there can be no question, unfortunately, as to their bearing on the welfare of the Church in Canada, of the Catholic population, concentrated, as statistics show, principally in Quebec and Ontario, and only there, perhaps only in Quebec, able or likely, in the future, to hold their own against a rapidly increasing, and not too tolerant non-Catholic majority.

I have been careful, in the last paragraph but one, to make special reference to the Catholic school, since education has in Canada not only the importance it has for the Church everywhere, but is also closely allied to that race antagonism which so seriously complicates all Canadian problems. It may be said, indeed, to lie at the very root of them, since it is on this point, more than on any other, that the Church's claims and those of the State are most hopelessly and irreconcilably at variance. And the strength of the Church's position in this matter, on which, it may be truly said, all else depends, consists, humanly speaking, in the racial conservatism, the traditional distrust of English Protestantism—of English influences generally—which characterize the French Canadians, which make an apparent over-zeal concerning race, speech, and customs as excusable as it is natural.

It is for this reason, if for no other, that the Catholic from the Old Country, resident in Canada, has cause to regret the sharp and, as it seems to him, unnecessary, distinctions maintained between French and English Church schools, as complicating a problem already more than sufficiently involved, because political, and as tending to weaken a position of ever-increasing difficulty of tenure, even in Quebec, still more so where the Catholic minorities are small to insignificance and widely scattered, and in face of the gradual, but inevitable "Americanization"—"nationalization," if you prefer it,—of the West, in this matter of "one people, one school." Why this division of Catholics on lines of race and speech in respect of this vital issue should be cause for regret is plain from the fact that it engenders rivalries that are not merely discrediting, but fruitful sources of still greater weakness. A division which leads to discussions as to methods of management; to comparisons as to the generosity, or otherwise, of the financial support given to the schools of one speech or the other; which makes race and literary attainments, apparently, of more importance than a sound training, as Catholics understand it,

is surely something to be regretted, even if it be, as many claim, unavoidable under the conditions actually existing. It has at least caused, so far as the observer is in a position to judge, an all too general forgetfulness of the axiom that it is the teaching that matters, not the teacher's nationality. "Search not who spoke this or that, but mark what is spoken."

Here, again, I write with the utmost diffidence, weighing, to the best of my ability, every word, and rather seeking to give the personal impressions of a writer connected by the closest of ties with both parties concerned, than attempting to draw any conclusions. But in this vital matter of education, this struggle, as between the Church and the State, for possession of the child, this question on which, in the newer Provinces especially, the whole future of the Church, again humanly speaking, seems to depend, a racial antagonism of this sort, for that is what it comes to, between French and English Catholics must be taken into most serious account. And this, just because it tends inevitably to weaken the Church's position, if it be not rather a symptom of a weakness already existing. The mere statistics of Catholics and non-Catholics, in Ontario and the West, are sufficient proof of the seriousness of the situation, and give better than all else, an estimate as to the probable security of any agreement in favour of Catholic schools to which the New Provinces have been constrained by Federal legislation to give an unwilling and reluctant consent. The question, where such conditions exist, is not, or so it seems to me: Shall the Church schools be French or English? but, rather: Shall the Church retain or lose the children whom God has given into her charge to keep for Him?

In a matter of this kind, and without, of course, attempting to apportion the blame where both sides are in fault, it is evidently better, though by no means so easy, to cite concrete instances, than merely to refer to general principles and circumstances. This division, then, or antagonism, between French and English Catholics, does exist, not only in respect of primary, but also of secondary and of University education. Herein, manifestly, any weakening of the Church's divinely-inspired claim to secure and promote the religious education of all her children without exception, and therefore to have a voice in determining how, where, and in what manner they shall be educated, becomes of more, rather than of less vital import, and for sufficiently obvious reasons. Now, the conditions which

make the presence of Catholic students at Oxford and Cambridge possible and tolerable, literally do not exist in Canada. Outside of certain distinctively and aggressively sectarian "Universities," there is a marked absence, in such institutions, of even that formal profession of Christianity which still lingers at the two first-mentioned seats of learning. The provincial Universities are, that is to say, as distinctly anti-Catholic, indeed, as distinctly anti-Christian, understanding Christianity in any real, dogmatic sense, as they are, professedly, non-sectarian. Except in very rare instances, therefore, and under stress of very urgent necessity, these institutions are wholly unsuited to Catholics.

It follows, evidently, that it is to the Church's interest, and, consequently, to the interest of all Churchmen, to provide the best possible secondary and University education obtainable anywhere, if only to remove even an apparent justification of Catholic attendance at provincial Universities. This provision, moreover, would seem, to an impartial observer, most easy of attainment by means of concentration and harmony of effort rather than by disintegration, certainly not by rivalries and jealousies such as, unfortunately, exist at present. There appears to be, that is to say, a certain "localism" of spirit in respect of Catholic University education, in Ontario especially, a tendency to put diocesan, and, still more, racial interests before wider and more general ones. The following statistics will show, with sufficient clearness, to what extent this spirit of localism prevails, and, at the same time, what provision is made, first, in Ontario and Quebec, and then throughout Canada generally, for the secondary and University education of Catholics.

To begin with Quebec, where, as already indicated, the French Canadians form an overwhelming majority, both of the population, and of the Catholic community. The Province is provided with two Universities, Laval at Quebec, and its autonomous "succursale" at Montreal, both, as is natural, distinctively French. In addition, there are forty-two colleges and "academies," classical and commercial, under the management, for the most part, of various Religious Orders. There is, of course, very little room for racial rivalries in a Province where those of one speech number 1,322,110, as compared with 107,150 of all other races, chiefly Irish.

Coming to Ontario, we have, in the City of Ottawa, one

University, in the Archdiocese, one classical college, and nine academies. In Toronto, one college, St. Michael's, affiliated to Toronto University. In Kingston, one college, possessing a University Charter; for the rest of the Province, according to *Le Canada Ecclésiastique*, two colleges, one in Hamilton, and one in London. The Catholic population, it may be as well to repeat here, numbers 390,304, of whom 158,670 are French Canadians, living especially in Eastern Ontario. There is a University at Antigonish, Nova Scotia, and a college at St. Boniface, Manitoba, affiliated to the provincial University, and four other colleges complete the list given.

As the race antagonism is unquestionably more acute in Ontario than in any other part of Canada, it may be well to confine our attention to the conditions affecting the influential Catholic minority there, fairly evenly divided, so far as numbers go, between English and French. We note first, then, that as compared with the primary, secondary, and University education provided by the Province of Ontario, forming inseparable parts of one system with the advantage of lavish State support, Catholic education, even though enjoying a most favourable status, secured to it by legislation, labours from the outset under a most serious disadvantage. How serious, the contrasted positions of Ottawa University and of Toronto University are more than sufficient to show. The latter has all the prestige and glory that wealth and State support can give it; the former, built up by the labour and devotion of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, is entirely dependent on the voluntary support of the Catholics of Ontario.

That, one would imagine, is a sufficiently serious handicap for any Catholic place of education to be burdened with, and one calling for the loyal and chivalrous support of all the Catholics of the Province, at the very least. They are not, one may venture to suggest, numerous enough or wealthy enough to support three Universities, when two suffice in the Province of Quebec for the needs of more than three times their number, members of what is practically a State Church. The situation calls for such support, irrespective of theories as to the advantage of affiliation to the provincial University, a question concerning which there may be diversity of opinion. Still more, it calls for support that shall rise above racial jealousies and merely local interests; most of all, above any question of control by世俗s or religious, whether by "a close corporation"—the Oblates,—

or by any other form of government. Yet it is in this, of all instances, that not only the localism referred to, but in even greater measure the race friction and misunderstanding which so vitally affect the welfare of the Church in Canada, make themselves most plainly and most hurtfully felt. The situation of the Capital, at the meeting point of two provinces, of two races, and many creeds, of conflicting interests, and keenest rivalries and jealousies, is one of peculiar difficulty, even politically speaking. If, in addition to what may be termed their political and social activity, these rivalries and jealousies are found to exist in the ecclesiastical and educational spheres as well, it needs no very close study of them in order to estimate their evil effects in both.

This, briefly, is the situation of the Church in the capital of the Dominion in that which relates to the most vital of all her interests, the right and efficient education of her growing sons, their being made fit, whether as priests or as laymen, to take their due place in the life and energies of the nation at large. The race question, if it arises nowhere else, arises here; not merely in respect of French and English primary schools, but in respect of English and French parties in connection with the University. Again, it is impossible to apportion the responsibility where all are in fault, but the fact remains that there are rivalries and contentions, and even unseemly recriminations, as to what may be called the "race complexion" of an institution intended, so it is claimed—and the distribution of population bears out the claim—from its very inception, and by the very terms of its charter, to meet the peculiar local conditions; to be bi-racial and bi-lingual; to favour neither French nor English, but to give equal opportunities to both.

The claim is, of course, denied as strenuously and as persistently as it is made, to the manifest detriment of the University itself. It would not, it is true, be in human nature, clerical or lay, to carry out such an ideal in an atmosphere tainted by political, social, and racial rivalries, without some apparent lapse to one side or the other. The mere neighbourhood of the Province of Quebec, the concentration of a large French population in and around Ottawa, and the numerical preponderance of French Canadian Catholics over all others in the Dominion, tends inevitably to a marked disproportion—though a perfectly natural one—between French and English clergy. The facts, however, must be taken into account, and to say that the French should go to Laval and leave Ottawa to the English

Catholics of Ontario is as little reasonable as would be a counter claim on the part of the French Canadians. Yet, notwithstanding the transparently honest endeavour of the University to give the widest and fairest interpretation possible to their Charter, as it appears to them, a large, prominent, and wealthy section of English Catholics, both in Ottawa itself and throughout the Province of Ontario, characterize the University as "French," than which no more serious mark of disapproval can in their minds be passed upon it. It is a charge, moreover, which by a parallel, and possibly more "social" line of reasoning, justifies not only their unwillingness to send their sons "to be taught by Frenchmen," but what is obviously of vastly more importance, a total abstention on their part from all financial assistance, except on their own unreasonable and impossible terms.

The secular clergy of the Province, so far as I have been able to learn, justify their non-support of the University on the grounds that it is "controlled by a close corporation," meaning, as above stated, the Oblates of Mary Immaculate; and further, by "a corporation which is to all intents and purposes French," meaning European. The localism, amounting, one might almost venture to say, to parochialism, which inspires such an attitude towards existing facts and crying necessities, is too evident to require pointing out.

Into the accuracy, or otherwise, of these statements, there is no apparent need to enter here, since any decision one way or the other must evidently be a mere *ipse dixit* on the part of a writer situated as I am. My aim, as I have already explained, has been to set down certain impressions of the situation which, it seems to me, confronts the Church in Canada, in Ontario especially. The most vital point of that situation as exemplified in the conditions obtaining at Ottawa is, I am convinced, the existence of certain racial rivalries, jealousies and misunderstandings, which appear to divide even those who possess a common faith as well as the closest of common interests. These causes of disunion and friction, moreover, while not extending to matters strictly religious, do affect matters educational, which are only of lesser importance because they are not of the first. These conditions, it must further be observed, as they obtain, in greater or lesser intensity, wherever French and English come into contact, evidently affect the Church in Canada as a whole. They are causes, if not evidences, of weakness and disunion where strength and unity are most needed, in a country not as yet actively hostile to the Church, but yearly with the increased American immigra-

tion less and less in sympathy with her, least of all, as Manitoba and the New Provinces have clearly shown, with her system and methods of education ; a system and methods looked upon as "unpatriotic," as "tending to keep up unnecessary divisions," and as "retarding the growth and unification of the Canadian nation."

It is a situation which affects first, and most seriously, that element in the Catholic population which, as the largest and most homogeneous, has been, and must always be, the mainstay of Catholic education, as it is of conservatism in the wider and better sense, the French Canadians, whose very loyalty to race and speech, intimately interwoven as both are with their loyalty to their faith, has unquestionably been to their serious detriment in worldly prosperity and advancement, and has underlain the antagonism they have endured and still endure, from their English fellow-citizens, even those of their own creed. But it affects still more seriously the English Catholic minority, to an extent, indeed, of which they seem to be by no means aware, their position being, in fact, very similar to that of British Catholics in relation to Irish. Their strength, would they only see it, lies in unity with the French element, not in jealousy, recrimination, and charges of aggression.

That there are faults on the side of the French majority as well goes without saying ; a certain restless assertion of indisputable, but not always attainable rights ; a certain suspicion of encroachment and of unworthy motives on the part of *ces Irlandais* ; a tendency to aloofness and to ultra-conservatism ; a possible unreadiness to concede to minorities that which they demand for themselves when the situation happens to be reversed. Yet, even admitting these shortcomings, which are, I think, not to be denied, the French Canadian side of the matter has, I venture to think, hardly received fair consideration. It was they who for a century and a half under the lilies of France, made Canada a Catholic country ; who for many years after the Cession, bore the brunt of Protestant assaults against the Church's faith, against her claim to educate her children in her own schools. If, finding themselves slowly but surely outnumbered by "aliens" in race and speech in all domains except the ecclesiastical, they cling in that sphere especially all the more closely and tenaciously to their old religious traditions, claims, and the natural privileges of a majority and of priority of tenure, it is certainly not becoming that their fellow-Catholics of English speech, who owe them so great a debt, should judge them harshly, still less uncharitably.

Whatever of shortcomings, therefore, may exist, or be

supposed to exist, in the educational facilities afforded by the Church in Ontario, whether in primary school or University, the remedy lies obviously in harmony of effort on the part of all the Catholics of the Province. If objection is taken to a supposed predominance of French influence in education, it may fairly be pointed out that the numbers in Ontario being so nearly even, a like zeal in the matter of vocations¹ on the part of English Catholics to that shown by the French Canadians would speedily redress the inequality complained of. Again, if it be said that the rank and file of the clergy do not receive the mental training called for by present day conditions, it is once more no less easy to urge that the rule enforced by the Irish Bishops requiring a secular degree as a preliminary to entrance at Maynooth, would if applied in Canada, and especially in Ontario, raise both the standard and the efficiency of priesthood and Universities alike. Such a rule would also, incidentally, banish effectually that narrow localism to which allusion has been made.

In the meantime, however, while devoutly hoping for some such solution of present difficulties, whether as the result of Canada's first Plenary Council or as the fruit of this year's Eucharistic Congress in Montreal, the immediate duty of Canadian Catholics is, if one may presume to say so, clear enough, the ultimate issue resting, of course, as it must do, with the hierarchy. If it is not possible to have things as we would wish them to be, it is possible to better those that exist, not necessarily by our own efforts or by our own methods, but by rendering the task of those in charge of Catholic education as little difficult as may be, remembering always that the teaching is of infinitely more importance than the teacher. This can be done, but not as now by criticism, well or ill-founded as it may chance to be, still less by racial rivalries and jealousies for which both sides must be held responsible in a matter of vital import not merely to the welfare of the Church in Canada as a whole, that of Christian education, but of equal import, as I honestly believe, to her very existence in the future.

It is in the hope of making this situation, lying as it does between the two great events above referred to, in some measure plain to Catholics in England, that these notes, faulty and inadequate as I know them to be, have been here set down.

FRANCIS W. GREY.

¹ Information as to the relative numbers of French and English clergy in Canada is, I regret to say, not obtainable, but it may safely be said that the numbers correspond approximately to those of the two elements, two and one half to one. Indeed, the proportion of French clergy is unquestionably larger, if anything, than such a comparison would seem to indicate.

Neither God nor Master.

THE man who, blinded by the impious wish of his heart, first cried: "*Ni Dieu ni maître*," was but stating in its negative aspect the Apostolic dictum—"There is no power but from God." Weaken belief in God, and you weaken all authority: abolish God, and chaos is come again.

Recent events connected with the execution of the anarchist Ferrer in Spain have forced the strange phenomenon of anarchism on the attention of the most thoughtless minds. It was instructive to see how prejudice against the Catholic Church at first blinded the non-religious Press of this country to the real character of that "profound and widespread emotion" which was aroused, by the death of an obscure Free-thinker, throughout Europe and Latin-America, and even found an echo in Trafalgar Square. Journalists, after their wont, chronicled and exaggerated the splutterings of various city-mobs, calling attention to the "general and spontaneous outburst of humane feeling" against a "judicial crime" as a credit to the collective conscience of the race. Then the Paris *Apaches* were ill-advised enough to demonstrate their sympathy with "the martyr" by attacking a bank and killing a policeman, and straightway the English journals, following the lead of the *Times*, discovered that anti-clericalism, in this case at least, really meant anarchy, and they began to condemn the movement. It mattered little if only priests and churches were attacked, but it was a different story when the attack passed on to secular property. And now, according to the acute diagnosis of Mr. Belloc in the current *Dublin Review*, the anarchical societies themselves, who by means of the electric telegraph engineered those "spontaneous outbursts" to voice the outraged feelings of the scum of Europe, find they have shown their hands too clearly, and are anxious that the "martyr" Ferrer¹ and his not too savoury

¹ They will not, if that be the case, be grateful to the over-zealous Mr. Joseph McCabe, who seized the opportunity of the Ferrer incident to republish, with additions, the anti-Spanish chapters of his recent masterpiece, *The Decay of the Church of Rome*, under the title "The Martyrdom of Ferrer."

career should be forgotten. Conscious of its own loathsomeness, anarchism does not love the light. But we trust that the glimpse Europe had of its true features will not soon pass from the public mind. Masquerading as a revolt against clerical tyranny, as a vindication of man's essential liberty, above all as an enemy of "Rome," anarchism wins many sympathizers who would be surprised and shocked if they realized the true tendency of its principles. We may, perhaps, devote with profit some little attention here to this phenomenon, which, although as old as the race, is modern in its extent and activity.

Anarchism, taken literally as the assertion of the untrammelled freedom of the individual from control of any kind, is so obviously contrary to common-sense and universal experience that it cannot be professed even as a theory by sane men. No human being under any conditions could possibly attain to the freedom so aimed at: much less, of course, could the aggregate of human beings. The freest of mankind is subject to innumerable "laws" which he must obey under pain of more or less severe and immediate evil to himself; the most assertive anarchist is a bond-slave to a thousand inevitable ordinances. Though calling himself a Free-thinker, he must observe the laws of thought (or logic) under pain of incoherence; he must observe the laws of speech (or grammar), under pain of unintelligibility; he must conform to the laws of diet under pain, at least, of indigestion; he must follow the behests of gravitation, or risk life and limb. If he disregards the laws of social intercourse, he is ostracized; if he flouts the law of property, he is seized by the police; if he does not submit to human testimony, he remains ignorant: there are hundreds of conventions which have not even the dignity of laws, but to which he must conform, or else be disgraced. He is brought into the world without his consent, and, generally speaking, he departs hence at the will of another—it may be, the public executioner's. For such a man to call himself free is a manifest absurdity. That he should even think to gain such freedom is no credit to his common-sense.

And yet there is a soul of goodness even in the evil thing called anarchism. That a being so limited by nature and circumstance as man should long so blindly and so vehemently for liberty, and should so persistently endeavour to ignore his dependence, may be taken as a sort of argument for his divine origin. God alone is independent and free, but He has made

man to His own image and likeness, and, further, has bidden him to be perfect after the model of his Heavenly Father. And man, following this ineradicable instinct of his nature, does quite spontaneously aim at certain of the essential attributes of God—His freedom, His happiness, His self-sufficiency. The instinct, coming from God, is good, but man goes astray by trying to make absolute what is merely relative. He is essentially free as far as other men are concerned ; that is, they cannot claim his obedience or service on their own account, but only as in some way representing God. But he is not free as regards his Creator, and God Himself could not make him so. Absolute freedom, complete independence, can exist only in the Supreme Being. Moreover, man has a right to happiness, but only because he has been created for that end, and therefore he must seek it where his Creator says it is to be found—in God's service. And he is self-sufficient to this extent, that, whilst his free consent is necessary for his salvation, his own efforts, given knowledge and grace, can attain it in spite of all human obstacles.

This being so, why do not men in general, following their instinct for liberty and happiness, recognize their limitations and seek their perfection where only it is attainable—in submission to the divine law? The Calvinist will say because man's nature is corrupt : he is a born rebel and cannot help himself. The Christian, with more discrimination and truer psychology, ascribes the widespread neglect of God to ignorance of the facts of the case, ignorance due in the individual to the absence, culpable or inculpable, of faith. Faith alone gives us a sure and sufficient grasp of God and His claims, and an adequate knowledge of our relations towards Him. Reason's voice in the bulk of men is at best an indistinct and uncertain guide, whilst sensible experience fails us altogether. "No man hath seen God at any time."¹ Man, therefore, uninstructed and left to himself, looks out on what seems to him an empty world. It is, as it were, an unoccupied estate, full of ownerless goods, which he promptly seizes and uses as his own, instead of regarding himself as a tenant-at-will. And man even better-informed, Christian man, is only too apt to fall in with the prevailing fashion and regard God as non-existent, because not perceptible. Were supreme law embodied in a visible authority, man must obey, but because the Law-giver is out of sight, He is also out of mind.

¹ ¹ St. John iv. 12.

This mystery of God's hiddenness, His apparent withdrawal from the world He has made, resulting as it does in such universal disorder and rebellion, has always painfully impressed those that think in their hearts. And no one has given more eloquent expression to the feelings of a mind, full of the thought of God and confronted by a world which ignores Him, than Cardinal Newman, as may be seen from the following familiar passages :

Starting then with the being of a God (which, as I have said, is as certain to me as the certainty of my own existence, . . .) I look out of myself into the world of men, and there I see a sight which fills me with unspeakable distress. The world seems simply to give the lie to that great truth, of which my whole being is so full : and the effect upon me is, in consequence, as a matter of necessity, as confusing as if it denied that I am in existence myself. If I looked into a mirror, and did not see my face, I should have the sort of feeling which actually comes upon me, when I look into this living, busy world, and see no reflection of its Creator. . . . The sight of the world is nothing else than the prophet's scroll, full of "lamentations and mourning and woe."

To consider the world in its length and breadth, its various history, the many races of man, their starts, their fortunes, their mutual alienation, their conflicts; and then their ways, habits, governments, forms of worship; their enterprizes, their aimless courses, their random achievements and acquirements, the impotent conclusion of long-standing facts, the tokens so faint and broken of a superintending design, the blind evolution of what turn out to be great powers or truths, the progress of things, as if from unreasoning elements, not towards final causes, the greatness and littleness of man, his far-reaching aims, his short duration, the curtain hung over his futurity, the disappointments of life, the defeat of good, the success of evil, physical pain, mental anguish, the prevalence and intensity of sin, the pervading idolatries, the corruptions, the dreary hopeless irreligion, that condition of the whole race, so fearfully yet exactly described in the Apostle's words, "having no hope and without God in the world,"—all this is a vision to dizzy and appal: and inflicts upon the mind the sense of a profound mystery, which is absolutely beyond human solution.¹

Again, more shortly and therefore more vividly :

What strikes the mind so forcibly and so painfully is [God's] absence (if I may so speak) from His own world. It is a silence that

¹ *Apologia*, c. v.

speaks. It is as if others had got possession of His work. Why does not He, our Maker and Ruler, give us some immediate knowledge of Himself? Why does He not write His Moral nature in large letters upon the face of history, and bring the blind, tumultuous rush of its events into a celestial hierarchical order? Why does He not grant us at least so much of a revelation of Himself in the structure of Society as the religions of the heathen attempt to supply? Why from the beginning of time has no one uniform steady light guided all families of the earth, and all individual men, how to please Him? Why is it possible without absurdity to deny His will, His attributes, His existence? Why does He not walk with us one by one, as He is said to have walked with His chosen men of old time? We both see and know each other; why, if we cannot have the sight of Him, have we not at least the knowledge? On the contrary He is specially "a Hidden God;" and with our best efforts we can only glean from the surface of the world some faint and fragmentary views of Him.¹

Newman goes on to argue that, if the world was made by God and yet knows Him not, it is because men have forfeited by the Fall any right they had to such intimacy. God remains indeed, as St. Paul told the Athenians,² close to each one of us, but He gives no sensible token of His Presence. He is alienated from us by the primal revolt, and we have to return to Him by the painful way of faith and penitence and humiliation—a way unknown to many, but which also many others know and yet disdain. That, doubtless, is the key to the mystery of evil: an alienated God, a clouded vision, a rebellious creation: still, it is instructive to notice how out of our very penalties God draws means for more excellent virtue than could have been displayed in Eden. By concealing Himself so completely, He has made possible the highest employment of human liberty in the exercise of the obedience of faith. If we saw Him as He is, we should have no choice but to obey. We needs must love the highest when we see it. As things are, we are free to withhold our allegiance, and, therefore, it costs something to give, and, therefore, it is better worth having. All God's soldiers are volunteers. It may be pondered whether God is not more honoured by the free service of those who acknowledge His claims than dishonoured by the rebellion of those who consciously reject them; for the service of the Unseen has little support from nature, whilst the assertion of liberty, or

¹ *Grammar of Assent*, c. x. § 1. Natural Religion.

² Acts xvii. 27.

rather the yielding to the attractions of the visible, is natural and easy.

We are free, then, to serve or to deny service. *Potuit transgredi et non est transgressus*, says the Church in praise of her Confessors. But here again we must clearly understand the nature of our freedom. It is not final nor absolute; it is merely the absence of physical constraint. Our Creator alone can directly affect our wills, and we know by experience that He does not force our obedience. But by attaching an inevitable penalty to transgression, He places us under a moral compulsion the influence of which we can evade only by putting it out of mind. Because He allows us such a long tether, we can manage to forget its existence and to say: "I have sinned, and what harm hath befallen me?"¹ Thus our feeling of independence and irresponsibility has the apparent support of our experience, and on his part, the tempter, playing on our imitative instinct, can always count on using the old arguments with the old success: "Ye shall be as gods"—free and self-sufficing: "*nequaquam morte moriemini*"—there is no death-penalty for such self-assertion. The promise, of course, is always falsified in the event, yet it retains its original glamour, for, while the desire is universal, the disillusion is individual and no part of the inherited experience of the race.

Thus God's withdrawal from our sensible perception leaves our wills physically free, free to serve or to rebel, free to develop through the service of Truth the phenomena of sainthood and to realize the liberty of the children of God, and free on the other hand "to love and do a lie,"² asserting a false independence, which brings us, as the Truth Himself phrases it, into the slavery of sin. For the rebel, the moral anarchist, has not the satisfaction even of a temporary liberty. He claims to have shaken off the yoke of a mythical God and to be ruled by reason alone, whereas God remains all the while his Master and Judge and, meanwhile, pride and passion also have him in their grip. However, in spite of that experience, the hiddenness of the Supreme Ruler, making it possible to deny Him, also makes anarchism—the repudiation of all authority—possible: anarchism in politics, all men being equal by nature, anarchism in religion, as nothing is higher than man, anarchism in morals, because man is a law to himself. With the disappearance of God and

¹ Eccl. v. 4.

² Apoc. xxii. 15.

the supernatural disappears the notion of duty and responsibility, whilst social order and morality lose even their rational support.

This is so very platitudinous that one wonders, while there are prisons and lunatic asylums, Society allows any anarchists to be at large. Reason and experience alike proclaim their doctrine to be essentially anti-social. But, so long as theory does not issue in practice, society, caring not at all for the honour of a God it ignores, lets the anarchist be. Thought is free and liberty is a sacred thing and this is an age of toleration, and persecution only strengthens a creed, and God, if there be a God, can look after His own interests—it has a string of excellent axioms to justify its inaction. The fact is that, owing to the moral confusion created in the public conscience by the assertion, some three centuries ago, of the principle of Private Judgment, and by the consequent false and exaggerated cult of personal liberty, public opinion is not enlightened or united enough to deal effectively with the propagation of anarchic principles. It is only when some eminent man is assassinated, some murder-plot revealed, some destruction of property attempted, that prejudices are temporarily forgotten and men realize what these principles logically lead to. Political and moral anarchism is, after all, the natural outcome of religious. Authority discarded in the sphere of revelation is inevitably arraigned in every other. Socialism itself, although it must issue in the destruction of individual liberty, is in essence an endeavour to get rid of all, except self-imposed, authority.

However, to confine ourselves here to the question of morality, it is therein we consider that the anarchic principles of the "Reformation" are bearing their worst fruit. We are not referring to directly antinomian theories, such as justification by faith alone or Calvinistic fatalism, but to the natural result of making reason the final arbiter of all things human and divine, and of emancipating it from the bondage of certain beliefs and rules established by external authority. In undivided Christendom, speaking generally, God was not ignored, and His worship coloured all men's views and conduct. There was a universally-accepted moral standard by which to judge all human events. But when religion became, in theory at least, a private matter based on personal interpretation of the Bible, a tendency naturally sprang up, motived it may be in some cases by feelings of urbanity and consideration for others, not to obtrude individual religious beliefs except in the company of

the like-minded. And thus, except on Sundays when the like-minded have leisure to gather together, the most important element of life is put out of sight and consequently forgotten. The State in governing no longer seeks the guidance and co-operation of God's representative, the Church, and the individual also, having discarded the same authority, forms his opinions about his origin and his destiny, his duties and his rights, not so much at the dictates of reason as at his own sweet will. However, the instinct of self-preservation keeps the State from political anarchism; individual liberty must be checked and limited and directed in countless ways if the social organism is to hang together; in spite of the poet's assertion, no man "may speak the thing he will," in this country at least, if that thing is really subversive of public order. Still, in most other departments, forgetfulness of God and His law, religious anarchy, has given abundant scope for the growth of anarchic moral principles. Ethics has suffered the same fate as belief, and for over three centuries the public conscience has been left without certain guidance.

Nowhere is this more apparent than in the character of criticism, especially the criticism of the newspapers, wherein men pronounce judgment upon art, literature, persons and events. For the critic must declare, in one way or another, his own moral standard, and thus make manifest whether or not he takes cognizance of revealed Truth. Not to do so, of course, is to fall back upon some conventional man-made standard and practically to ignore God, the source and sanction of all morality. The world around us is full of such anarchism. A great man dies, the papers are full of his achievements, summaries of his career, estimates of his character. But one misses ordinarily any attempt to arrive at God's view (*i.e.* the only true view) of His creature's life. And this is absent, not from a feeling of reverence or as if such estimate were beyond human conjecture, as it very often is, but because it is regarded as of no interest or importance. The after-life, the judgment which follows decease, is either entirely ignored, with foolish faithless talk about the beautiful site and aspect of the church-yard, "the sleep of death," "the rest of the grave," and so forth, as if the soul were ever so active and energetic as when separated from the clogging flesh. Or, it is complacently assumed that, however manifestly the dead man may have departed in act and opinion from the standard of righteousness

set by Christian revelation, it is all well with him now that he has gone before his Judge. The man is discussed and criticized and pronounced a success or a failure without the least reference to the main end of his creation. Now God forbid that we should even seem to advocate any forestalling of God's dread decision on human careers, least of all in the columns of newspapers. All that we complain of is that the kindly and chivalrous feeling expressed in the adage *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* is often perverted to confound right and wrong, to palliate vice and to make the observance of God's law seem a matter of indifference. To speak of evil in a man's career without expressing or at least hinting abhorrence, is to go some way towards condoning it. But our modern critics often go further. Speaking of Beaumarchais (the notorious author of *Les Noces de Figaro*) we find a Quarterly Reviewer delivering himself as follows :

Whilst there is little or nothing to be said in excuse for his folly, vanity and laxity of morals, it would be difficult to fix him with [sic] one selfish or ungenerous action, with anything mean or low in conduct or in thought,—

an utterance from which we gather that folly and vanity have no connection with selfishness, and that there is nothing derogatory to character in loose living—precisely the code and standard of the godless world. Mr. Chesterton has ably satirized confused ethics of this sort,—the necessary result of banishing the idea of God from the public conscience.

A difference of opinion [he says¹] about the nature of Parliaments matters very much : but a difference of opinion about the nature of sin does not matter at all. A difference of opinion about the object of taxation matters very much : but a difference of opinion about the object of human existence does not matter at all. We have a right to distrust a man who is in a different kind of municipality : but we have no right to distrust a man who is in a different kind of cosmos.

Or, again, if the critic does retain some regard for morality, the desire to say pleasant things of the great will lead him sometimes boldly to deny to evil causes their natural effects. On Swinburne's death some months ago *The Times* published an article which, after referring to the filth and impiety of the dead

¹ *Heretics*, p. 301.

man's earlier writings, thus sought to excuse the inexcusable :

Poetry is never a corrupting influence ; and no increase in sexual immorality, in the scorn of religion, or in violent political methods can be laid at the door of Swinburne's poetry,—

a truly fatuous utterance in which theory and fact alike are scouted. Surely all human experience shows that, as the devil has most success when he tempts as an angel of light, so, the more the foulness of vice is disguised, the better chance it has of entering the minds of the innocent. There can hardly be any more subtle agent of corruption than poetry wherein foul thought is clad in glowing imagery and melodious language, and to say that eroticism or blasphemy, thus presented, never kindles a kindred flame is to insult common-sense. Hampered by false, confused, and topsy-turvy ideals like these, small wonder that moral criticism, whether applied to work or character, rarely speaks nowadays with a true or convincing note. It is bad enough that in this Protestant land there should be such wide diversity in matters of religious belief without the same latitude being imported into ethics. But this deterioration was well-nigh inevitable. Faith and conduct are so inseparably connected that those who think absolute truth cannot be reached in the former are apt to think also that it cannot be grasped in the latter. If we are free to believe as we please, we may reasonably, outside the scope of the civil law, postulate the same liberty for our actions. If divine law is not to influence our intellects, why should it govern our wills ? Herein is the essence of anarchy.

The same tendency is illustrated by the denunciations on many sides of the Dramatic Censorship, by which our stage is saved the worst degradation of the continent, and by the recent outcry against the great Lending Libraries on their giving notice that they would no longer purvey pornographic literature in the shape of "risky" novels. People began to protest in the sacred name of liberty against this weak and isolated attempt to check a widespread and growing evil. It was as if the Grocers' Association, having discovered that a certain patent food was in reality a dangerous poison, had determined no longer to sell it, and had thereby aroused the wrath of a certain section of their customers, who claimed the right of settling such dietetic questions for themselves. The moral law, of course, was of no account ; the certain injury done to God by the dissemination of impurity was not worth a thought in comparison with the problematical

injury done to literature by the suppression of erotic "genius." We heard all the usual cant about "Art for Art's sake" and the negative or "non-moral" character of literary realism, as if anything dealing with the actions and passions of intelligent human beings could help having a moral aspect. The principle underlying these protests cannot be called zeal for liberty unjustly threatened or for literature wrongfully repressed : it is simply the resentment of unregenerate man at any attempt to limit his mental or moral liberty. The anarchist within him wants to become as God, knowing good and evil. Otherwise, granting that the output of pernicious literature is vast and growing, so vast indeed as to injure even the physical health of the nation, as was declared at the Liverpool Sanitary Congress in 1908, who but a moral anarchist could object to the small and tentative remedial measure proposed by the Circulating Libraries' Association?¹ A sound mind is at least as desirable as a healthy body, and it is to be wished that the law, which comes down heavily upon the purveyors of corrupt or adulterated food, were strengthened to deal with the purveyors of books "unfit for human consumption." We Catholics should then be spared the scandal of knowing that one of our own body is pre-eminent amongst those publishers who do not scruple to make their gains by selling immoral books, a sin which should surely be reckoned amongst those crying to Heaven for vengeance. We are, of course, aware that the subject of a literary censorship is a very large and complicated one, if only because the needs of the public in whose interest it should be exercised are themselves so very various. It is a subject that demands fuller treatment than can be given now : but what we are contending here is that many books are published of an almost wholly debasing character which yet manage to evade the criminal law, and that no defence can be offered for their publication except one which ignores man's duty to his Maker, and is, therefore, subversive of the moral law.

In the Catholic Church, the principles of that moral law have been fixed and certain from the first. However much doctrine may have developed and the law of belief become more explicit and detailed, there has been no evolution in the broad outlines

¹ The action of the Libraries' Committee, backed by sound public opinion, will no doubt do something towards substituting law for anarchy in our literary output, but it will be effective only in proportion as it brings pressure to bear on author and publisher and bookseller to cease their joint production of foul fiction. It is, therefore, a pity that the Libraries continue to sell the garbage they refuse to lend.

of the law of conduct. For these the Church goes straight to the fountain-head, the life and teachings of her divine Founder. From the Commandments, the Beatitudes, the Counsels, and, generally, the Words and Works of the Saviour, she draws her code of ethics, and enjoins it upon her children. The true Catholic, therefore, is opposed to anarchism in all its developments, not only to its crude political form, but also to the substitution, in the intellect, of opinion for belief, and, in the will, of inclination for principle. In his judgments he never sets aside God's point of view as negligible: amidst the welter of human theories he alone has an invariable standard. And so to the Catholic (and to those that are like-minded) the world must look for its ultimate security against decay and disruption. *Extra Ecclesiam nulla salus* is true for society at large as it is for the individual. It is to be wished that we all acted up to our convictions, that we attempted no weak compromise with the maxims of the world, that truth were not sometimes sacrificed to a mistaken charity.¹ In the midst of moral and religious chaos we claim to possess certainty; to us, we protest, has been committed the whole counsel of God. Should we not, therefore, be as the leaven which transforms the whole mass, and the virtue of which lies in its distinctiveness? Our Church stands for the principle of authority, for the due perfection of man through obedience to law, for the clear recognition of human limitations, mental and moral, and for knowledge of God's remedies for them. And yet how many of us speculatively hanker after a false independence of mind and conduct, and practically grudge or refuse obedience. The scandal of our age is the number of writers who, masquerading as Catholics and desirous of venting some personal grievance, attack Church government and doctrine in the columns of anti-Catholic journals. They remain in the arms of their mother the better to spit in her face. That she tolerates such anarchists is a standing proof that her spirit is divine. But how grievously does disloyal and traitorous conduct of this sort hamper the progress of the Church! For "if the salt lose its savour, wherewith shall it be salted?"

J. K.

¹ "To shout at the wolf is charity to the sheep," says the wise and gentle St. Francis of Sales. If that maxim had been borne in mind we should not perhaps find in a well-known Catholic book of reference a scandalous assailant of the Holy See described as "a keen master of polemics and a 'candid friend,'" nor a writer of immoral novels (alas! that *Catholics* should do these things) called the inaugurator of a "new class of fiction"! It is true we are not to break the bruised reed, but neither are we bidden to style it a sound one.

To Jerusalem or to Jericho?

OR

HOW OF PEREGRINATION MAY COME SANCTIFICATION.

"Qui multum peregrinantur, raro sanctificantur."
(*Imitation of Christ.*)

No idle tale, but a veridical history, a human document, sheer fact and our neighbour as he is, contemptible and vile. And besides, or more than all, a problem. The fact is this, Algernon and Mr. X., who vowed they would not travel, nevertheless yet went abroad ; the problem is, Did they ought to ha' done it ? Is travel not an exploded superstition, is it not an antiquated custom ? Let every earnest soul consider this. Here are matters very deep, and questionings most dire.

. And first to speak of myself. I, Algernon, am not unknown by my surname to those of you who are acquainted with the richer of the City merchants. That name I do forbear to mention. Perhaps my yearly turn-over, nett profits, and invested capital are not so big as commonly is reported ; and yet again perhaps they are. I will only say that I have no quarrel with Providence ; I think it is a very good world. I live in a decent house,—not over large for one of my fortune and consideration —which I have furnished solidly and comfortably. Mine is a snug and cosy home. And it is tasteful too, for I am not ignorant of art. It is rare that I am swindled when purchasing old porcelain. I keep a hack (it cost no more than eighty guineas, but is good enough for me), and I use to ride it, less for ostentation than for health's sake. (I suffer much of a congested liver.) I have besides a poodle dog ; Pompey is his name, a prize animal to which I am devoted. And I have a friend, of whom I now will treat with some particularity, but whose name no more than mine dare I disclose to you ; for he into whose home, into whose very presence, now I will admit you, to see him while he sits at meat and his familiar speech to

hear, is the very largest of all wholesale dealers. Of such a one the identity we veil. To us he must be Mr. X.

He is my only friend; I am his single crony. And I am proud to be it, for he is a model of a man. Beginning life a ragged boy who slept beneath the counter, at three and forty he retires from business with a bulky fortune, builds himself a great big house, and lives in it entirely surrounded by the extensive grounds, owns property almost everywhere, keeps a yacht, and motor-cars, and a carriage and pair, and . . . But what need to tell the tale of all his virtues? He will die worth his millions, and is absolutely charming.

We dwelled together in unity. Our souls were twin; in all things we were entirely agreed. For instance, to travel he refused, and so did I. And—it was curious and happy—both for the same good reason. After long, fatiguing search, each of us had separately found the perfect bed to lie upon, the bed that ever was obedient and faithful unto sleep, gainsaying never; and we had invented an incomparable way to make this bed, a way right excellently artful, and had taught it to the menial with patience and much carefulness. Were we now to be deprived of our reward? Must we on some wooden perch go to roost in foreign hotels? What were those beds in those hotels? They were abominable.

And this besides. In good old days when a man by foreign travel could give certain proof of enviable riches, make extraordinary display, be remarked of all his fellows, then 'twas very well to go to Rome; but in these horrid times when there goes abroad a rabble of all degrees of poorness and every mean condition, it is high time, think Mr. X. and I, to leave a habit which grows vulgar.

But—'twas most provoking—we are no sooner settled in our agreeable belief than Mr. X. must go abroad! Like me, he suffered much of a congested liver, and now again was ailing. This time the doctor's words were grave, the doctor's face was awful: no remedy but a long sea voyage.

"I come out," said Mr. X. to me at dinner afterwards, "I come out all of a shake, went straight to the agent's, and booked a passage. I booked just an ordinary first class passage, but I made the feller gimme the best cabin in the ship, without a farthin' extra; and I've got it all to myself."

This, in its way, was a happy news.

The ship would sail within a month: before ten days were

done my dear friend was restored ! But a passage had been paid for, and the money was not returnable ! Now, should he go or stay ? To travel was to do the thing his soul contemned ; not to travel was to waste good money, and this he did abhor. We were much exercised in spirit. Whether of the twain should an Englishman throw away, his money or his opinion ? It was a difficult case of conscience.

"If I don't use that ticket I've bought and paid for," said Mr. X., "it's just the same as if I throwed all that money into the sea. I call that wicked. For if I'd been in the 'abit of throwin' money away like that, where should I be now ?" He laughed bitterly. "I should be in the work'ouse. And if a man," he added, "who'd throwed money away like that, come to me and wanted 'elp, I wouldn't give it. On principle. No, I'd say, you go to the work'ouse, my fine feller, you go to the work'ouse. Now, if 'e didn't ought to throw money away, no more didn't I. I shall go," he said conclusively. "I reckon it's my duty."

On the appointed day he went. I said good-bye, and saw him driven away. The carriage swung lightly down the road, the coachman had a jaunty air, the horses paced it bravely, the sun looked out and shined. I envied him.

"Yes," I said with bitterness, "he goes off to sunny climes to feast and to be pleased ; but I must tramp to business." And the morning wasted. This would be a day of little profit. Dolorous ! Dolorous ! I walked, I walked, no cab was to be seen ; I walked and I perspired. Miserable me ! Suddenly I remembered that Grandmama and Grandpapa lived thereabout. I would go to see them. With them a man could find an easy chair, and in half an hour luncheon. The food would be homely, but substantial and abounding. I knocked, and smilingly enquired for Grandpa. "He's got his eczema," the girl replied, "and won't be down till lunch time." Eczema ! Disgustful ! And Grandma ? Yes, she was in, but they were turning out the drawing room. My face fell : this portended a mutton bone, potatoes in their jackets, and a grievous sort of pickles, inflammatory pickles. Well, I would wait. I went and sat me down in the dim and gloomy parlour. Eczema and pickles ! Was ever man afflicted as was I ? Why would my sweet friend go away, leaving me amid these sorrows ? "What," I exclaimed, "what is it drives a man to travel ? Is it some misanthropical and melancholy devil, a gadfly, or a furious madness ?"

"Madness!" cried a voice I knew, "it is not madness that obliges us to travel." I turned, and through the gloom descried, sprawling on a couch, Augustus Charles, my pretty sister's ugly son, that highly educated, hoity-toity, cock-sure youth, my fluent, disputatious, abominable nephew. I glared at him, who smoked a cigarette.

"It is not madness that obliges us to travel," says Augustus, stretching of himself, and talking to the ceiling. "We are thereto persuaded by care of our important health, an excellent desire after knowledge, a soul athirst for beauty seeking her throughout the world, our young knightliness of courage craving high adventure, our pretty baby fondness to wonder and be amazed, our good admirable will to exercise ourselves in charity, to learn to suffer foreign fools, to——"

"Augustus Charles," said I, "shut up!" (Now and then we must rebuke the young.) "You speak like a fool." (Must teach them to respect their elders.) "Travel is a wicked thing, travel is an evil thing."

"Evil!" said he sniffingly, as who would say: "Here's a clownish word for a nice ear! Evil! who will believe it?"

"It has been well believed," said I, "since outcast Adam with his Eve began men's dreadful travel."

"Adam and Eve!" he cried, with an afflicted voice. "Can we not rather speak of the Argonautic Expedition? At least that smacks of Greek and a gentlemanly education."

"Let us," I said, "like reasonable men, begin at the beginning. We speak of travel; then let us speak of it with travellers. Let us interrogate Experience. Here are Adam and Eve, and not yet got very far from Eden. Go pleasantly to greet them, speaking flatteries. 'Worshipful sir and madam! I praise that excellent desire after knowledge which brings you so auspiciously abroad.' What do they reply? With nothing but dreadful looks? No matter; let us wait for folk more civil. Here's someone crashing through the forest in desperate flight. It is their young hopeful, Cain. Stay him to ask: 'Do you speed back from doing charity, or run with it to do; and—forgive the question—do you not exercise yourself in it a little too sweatingly?' What? Curses! Dear, dear! The family is rude. But here are men who should prove urbane; for they are dwellers in a famous city, would have a universal admiration, and undertake to that end most lofty enterprizes. Why do they depart from them, from the bricks and the slime that they

hoped in? Run down to inquire, amid a great confusion of tongues: 'What high adventure, gentlemen, brings you so hot from Babel?' Worse and worse. This time a bloody nose. Betake yourself to Araby, where people are more kind, and go bowing among the tribes to say: 'Truly, sirs, these desert airs are excellent for the health. It was a wise resolve to breathe them forty years.' Stonings now! Upon my word! These Jewish men are sturdy, and they have sturdy ways."

I waited for a speech from him; but he kept sulky silence. I went on. "No. We have been long persuaded that travel is a woeful thing. Remember Io, Ceres, the Flying Dutchman, and the Wandering Jew. Are they abroad for gladness? And is it joy that brings the moon like a dream-walker from her bed? Who has pretended it? Something there is in us which shrinks with misgiving and alarm from homeless, errant things. A wandering moon, pale processionary clouds, a drifting stream, winds blowing through the world, a rout of autumn leaves,—all these dispose the mind to melancholy, and fill the heart with bodings. Grief, remorse, and madness, drive their wretches out of doors; witches must be straddling sticks to ride about the sky; devils wander through dry places; the uneasy dead still walk the earth. But the blessed abide in their place."

"So," he said with tragical slowness, "there shall be no more Progress, because it is a sort of endless journeying! Is not Progress a good thing?"

Here a cab whistle was blown, and I must think of Mr. X. departed, of my friend gone away, quite gone away from me, of my poor self deserted. It was unkind. Tears stood in my eyes, a barrel-organ played, I was altogether lifted up above myself.

"Oh," I said, with a melancholy dreaminess, "truly Progress is a good thing, but—except panting is better than singing—it is not the best."

"What is best?" he asked again.

I answered, craftily, with another question. "What would you do, having to stop a lunatic in flight?"

Pleased to be asked for an opinion, he reflected, and by and by elaborated this reply, "Were I behind him, I would shoot an arrow after him; beside him, trip his heels; but before him, spread my arms and stay him with an embrace."

"Ah," I answered softly. "Now all these things does Love."

"Love!" he cried astonished; and was dumb.

"Yes," I said, "love. Let us love, and cease both from

journeys on the legs and journeys in the mind. Call home the roving thoughts and wandering desires, and teach them to sit quietly about a hearth." He gasped, but spoke not.

Pursuing of my triumph, I went on. "Do you fly away with the devil to see all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, or go mountaineering with Sisyphus: with the goodman I bide in the ingle-nook. Love is a stay-at-home."

"Love!" he burst out suddenly, "what know you of love?"

I was amazed. "Do I not," I asked indignantly, "do I not love my saddle-bag chair against the fire, the whiskey of my predilection, Pompey, and a briar pipe? You know that I do love them deep. Sweet and dear these are to me," I asseverated, "and for no entreaty will I desert them."

"So," he said, "you will not travel, you pretend, because love is a stay-at-home, and love—love is the best of all."

"Love is a stay-at-home," I answered, cheerful, serene, smiling.

"Love a stay-at-home!" he said contemptuously. "My dear, good, uncle, love and his arrows are winged."

My smile departed.

"You knew it not? You have no classic learning? The pleasant, pagan gods you do despise. What's Jupiter to you? With all his bolts he could not strike a balance. And Virgil? Pooh! Is Virgil quoted on the Stock Exchange?"

I choked and spluttered, "Puppy! Puppy!—"

"Come, come," said Grandpapa, who with his wife had been standing behind me.

"Says I am no gentleman—revere not pagan deities—savour nothing heathenish," I explained, almost crying with mortification.

"Augustus Charles," said Grandma, "is sometimes rude—"

"But he spoke true," said Grandpa. "That love and his arrows are winged, knows every schoolboy."

"Yes," said Grandma, "and every schoolgirl."

I had no friends, I had no friends, even of my stock and kin.

"Love," said Grandma, "beyond a doubt has wings; and he has not those wings for flying up and down the stairway of his house, or fanning the kitchen fire." [Now, Grandmama in her young days was a flirt and a gadabout.] "Love," continued Grandma, feasting on her subject, "love has feet to go, if haply the beloved is near; and wings he has to fly, for oft she

is remotely far; and arrows winged to speed before him, so quick to be alarmed is she, and fleet as any fawn."

I smiled indulgently. Was my dinner-table with its joints fleet as any fawn? Must I go out to stalk and shoot my wild arm-chair?

"Love was created for this pursuit," Grandma went on, "and must be abroad to seek his dear. So ever is the dutiful love, the love awake and lively. But what a love is that which creeps indoors to cuddle itself against the fire? It is the lazy, truant love; or 'tis the love that's sickly; or love grown old and cold, disposed to sleep and snorings. O naughty stay-at-home! O wretch unloving and unloved! O vile despiser of fair ladies! O abominable bachelor!"

"Grandma," I said facetiously, "men declare to us that love is bondage, but you that it is vagabondage."

But Grandmama went on. "Love's office and love's will it is to range the wide world free. Truly, where his will does not prevail, where he is gagged and bound and shoved into a money-sack, where the lusts of self-advancement, riches, or fame, bawl, command, and domineer, there the man, a whipped and over-driven ass, must plod a narrow circle o'er, grinding the meal that feeds his masters fat. But where love keeps dominion, or is restored the rightful king, think you he will be ever cribbed up in an office, throne him upon the safe, and hold a court of ledgers and files?"

This was unjust. "To my office," I said warmly, "I am faithful and devoted, as is meet; but I am also very fond of home."

"Very fond of whom?" she asked.

"Of home," I said loudly, "of home—my house and all." The old lady was growing deaf.

"Home!" she exclaimed. "That depository of victuals, furniture, and plate is home! Why, then, it is not such a home as Love can take delight in. He is a king by right divine, his throne established in your heart, and there he is to rule, sole and supreme. But not your heart alone. Is he a king, and shall he be king of a tribe of one? He will have many subjects, for in the multitude of the people is the dignity of the king. What is the population of his realm? Tell him the total sum of those you love. How many are they in round numbers? One: the horrid Mr. X. Save him, in all the peopled earth, there is no one that's dear to you, no one besides, naught,

naught that's human, naught but a pampered dog. Oh Algernon! go out and find some cause to love your kind."

"I am afraid," I said, "that I have little leisure for hunting after friendships. Trade isn't what it was, competition's very keen; all our time we must devote to business."

"Love," said Grandma, "love is our proper business."

What was a man to say to this silly, sentimental, stuff? I did disdain to argue such absurdity.

Grandmama continued: "The beasts are mailed, and tusked, and clawed; but we are born with naked, unprotected flesh, appointed unto harmlessness and gentleness, made manifestly not for roarings and for rendings, but only to look pretty, speak softly, and embrace sweetly. Love is our proper business."

"No doubt," I said politely; "but travel is a recreation, and therein we may a little rest from loving. We love and we abide at home. We travel for amusement, for health, to occupy the mind, for culture."

"Culture!" Grandma cried, "Rubbish! We are created by love, in love, and only to the end of love. And love's person is enshrined within us. But instead of satisfying him with sweet and pure emotions, we have been reading to him out of account books, then heaping on him meats, and drowning him with soups. Now, like Tom Thumb in the giant, he kicks and would come out.

"'O dear!' we cry, 'we have got a pain. We do feel bad. Whatever can it be?'

"'Ah!' says the Devil in our ear, 'what's the matter with you is want of culture.'

"'Want of culture!' we repeat. 'It is just like stomach-ache.'

"'That's it,' says the Fiend. 'I know all about it. A sort of continual craving. Nearly everybody's got it. We call it the educative habit.'

"'But,' we say, a little ashamed, 'how can we get cured?'

"'O,' says our diabolic doctor cheerfully, 'that's easy,—change of air, and exercise, and occupy the mind. Get up and go about a lot, and see and hear and observe a lot, and poke and pry about a lot, and, when you're tired, sit and think and read and write an awful lot. And try to be original and find out something wonderful. You'll do it; you're a clever chap. But you must look sharp, or you'll be left behind. Buck up! Ta-ta! Be off at once and occupy the mind.'

"We are poor ignorant, credulous fools, we do what we have always done : say *Credo* to the Devil, and go off to occupy the mind. Our heart, our heart, our empty heart it is that would be occupied ; and we are wickedly deceived. We are ill at ease, are restless, are in pain, because love writhes within us, nauseates and dies in that disgusting prison where we keep him. 'Tis love unsatisfied that brings us out abroad."

"Grandma," I said, "this is too fantastic ; no plain man will believe it."

"Every man believes it," she replied, "the simple and the learned. Everywhere the people with their Shakespeare are declaring : 'Journeys end in lovers meeting.' Witting or unwitting, every traveller goes forth to seek a dear. See the Spouse abroad in the City to find the Beloved where he is ; and there a radiant One who rises up in haste, and lightly paces on a journey, singing over the hills. Love is the burthen of her song, and she love-bearing, and love-borne. O happy traveller and blest ; the first of understanding travellers ! Nay, with dazzled eyes behold God descend from Heaven and become a traveller for this, to fare up and down our stony ways seeking lost love."

"Yes," I said, "but I am a mere man, a plain man of business, though certainly successful. Those you speak of are too high for me, the people are too low, and Shakespeare—yes,—oh, vastly well—but poetry, not certain truth, not Science. What says Nature ? Nature I will believe."

"Well," said Grandma, "let us inquire of Nature. Two of her children are brother travellers with us, but elder and more wise. The first is light, continually travelling that great distance which it is from Heaven unto us, to play before us and delight, to shower on our beggary the sun's unstinted gold, to give us—earthy, cold, unkind—the laver of celestial warmth and kindness. Plainly for love, only for love : what profit shall light have of us ? The second is the river, who leaves her solitary blessedness and canticles the hills between, and, filling of her urn with waters sweet and cool, comes to the city vending them with the prettiest of cries, vending without price. For love's sake these are travelling ; for love we must travel too."

"Well," I said, "I have travelled in my time, and, believe me, what meets the traveller without the city walls, attends him at the gate, jostles him in the streets, thrusts noses in his face,

treads on his sore heel, looks down on him from windows, is omnipresent hatefulness. Lovableness, which you pretend that he is come to seek, if she is anywhere is fast indoors, and bolted, barred, and shuttered up. There is no finding of her."

Grandma sighed. "It is true," she said; "and the fault is in yourself not less than in those stranger men. All we go disguised, and hide our hearts with faces stony and unkind, the paint and feathers of a savage pride. Who can love these Choctaws? " Rather would we have from others looks of awe and dreadful wonder than an affectionate regard; not as men appear, mere men, but as fearsome idols; be not of tender flesh, but of wood and iron. So we behold our fellows as mailed figures in a gallery; for the terrifical outside we must respect them, but still be ignorant if within is a brother man, a sawdust shape or hollowness. There is no embracing of armour plate. But what brings Heaven to the soul as bee to flower? It is the hidden sweetness that it knows of, it is the secret honey. Whom Heaven is so fain to visit, let not man avoid. Believe it, Algernon, our neighbour is delicious. And so are we. Only we need to throw away our frightful disguise, be simple, frank, and open. Every one of us is most dear and pretty."

"Pretty," I said scornfully, "I hope that I am not; but it is true that many most endearing qualities may be discerned in me. But my neighbour is a purblind ass; and even Mr. X. is dull and slow in learning them."

"Ah," said Grandma. "And would you not gladly see one who came desiring to be told of them, some foreign gentleman of an inquiring mind, and smiling, mild, and teachable!"

"Such a traveller," I confessed, "I would not look a-squint at. I would even receive him into my home, there to instruct him in my hidden virtues and my country's. I warrant you that foreign gentleman should not depart from us but with utter love and admiration."

"Oh," said Grandpa, for the first time breaking silence, "how would you win love and admiration of a foreign gentleman?"

I answered, "He should be honourably entertained by me, regaled with viands rich and choice. And I would show to him my house, with all that in it is costly, curious, and rare; then by a talk, grave, well-informed, discreet, I would make him attentive to my worth and dignity; then the greatness of my country enlarge upon, tell him of our vast possessions, our

enormous trade, our immeasurable wealth, our gigantical resources, our tremendous, big policemen, our——

"Satan, avaunt!" cried Grandpa. "O you predestinated Beadle! Is this a way to win a gentleman's affection, showing him to what a size we are swollen in the three dimensions? And shall we be approved to the blessed Lord of love by your damned pride? Who will give to you his heart, because you are a bloat and braggart figure of success?"

"No love from him can you receive, who are of self-love full," said Grandmama. "Love would pour you out his wine, but your cup is brimming o'er with porter. Froth and dregs, first cast that drink away, and wipe the vessel clean. Pretend not to the gentleman that you are in all good things abounding. Bigness and tremendousness he can find in you: but what if he seeks beauty? And you are strong: when, then, shall come forth sweetness? 'Tis true you have a world-embracing trade, but have you got a world-embracing kindness? Your furniture is rich and solid, chosen carefully and well: but beliefs, principles, rules, opinions have been picked up at random and in haste, shouted for at auction sales, bought in bundles, things nondescript, and flawed, and soiled, and frowzy. No, Algernon; boasting not at all of silver and of gold, we will confess our want of treasures much more excellent,—beauty, sweetness, joy, tranquil abiding gladness. We will show ourselves to him in poorness and in humbleness.

"Thus, will we make appeal to Love which is so nigh of kin to Pity. As of that puissant prince, Cophetua, was seen the beggar maid, so will we be seen of him,—beautifully destitute, ravishingly needful, of all he yearns to give. The foreign gentleman will fall on our neck, weeping and doting on our dearness. Happy foreign gentleman! Happy English Algernon! Travel's purpose is in them achieved: lovers have met, journeyings are ended."

"I have no mind," said I, "to have any hairy foreigner a-crying over me. Let him not come to my house; I will not go to his. 'Tis true what you have said, those stranger men are Choctaws. I cannot love them. I remain at home."

"Home!" said Grandma. "Pompey and a briar pipe! Deluded man, this is not home."

"Unhappy wretch," said Grandpa, "I grieve for you. That for love's sake you make no journeys on the legs is bad; 'tis worse that for love's sake you make no journeys in the mind,

that you go not abroad even in sympathy. This it is that's dreadful. I pity your unexercised, chill spirit, with its rheumatic pains, its cramps, its pins and needles."

"My spirit," I replied, "is with me by the fire; and has no chilblains, I thank you."

"No," said Grandpa; "in that hot, padded cell which you call home, your free spirit cannot bide. It is abroad, is under a necessity to travel, to explore, to seek——"

"What to seek?" I asked impatiently.

Augustus Charles said lispingly, "We seek, we seek perfection."

I answered: "I do not, for I possess it. I have got a system of book-keeping which is perfection. I cannot be defrauded."

Augustus Charles wriggled. "But other men have not," he said. "Will you not assist them to obtain it, not so much as wish them well in their endeavour?"

"You will not," Grandpa said. "Humanity goes stumbling on its way: you sit alone and hug a ledger, wink, and think you know a thing or two and just how many beans make five. You are stark mad. You are benighted. Shall I tell you what a case you're in? Listen. There is a poor, despised relation of our flesh who is no householder. He is out on tramp. He is gone a-gipsying. Since we were turned away from Eden all we thus are travelling. We were turned away from Eden because we were unloving. Only to the unloving was it possible roughly to shake off dear, sweet, tender obedience to what so dear, so sweet, so tender is. And it is true, as Grandma says, that of our unhappy journey the happy purpose is to find again a way to love. But I think it is not true that every man who goes the journey proposes to himself that single end. My little wife does so; and she is blessed. But the most of us are reprobate, are wicked, and, by consequence, are muddle-headed. Why are we travelling? Our memory is weak: we have forgotten. Why do we make this journey? Our mind is dull and feeble: we cannot think it out. But we have read books about it, and heard our acquaintance talk. We opine it is for culture, for amusement, for exercise, to occupy the mind. And whither are we going? Oh, that we have read and know: we are going down to Jericho. Why? Oh dear, we have already told you: it is for culture, or—or—because we have discerned the city's glare, or because certain touts have promised to us there circuses, and raree-shows, and feasts almost for nothing. But

we are going down to Jericho, a noisy caravan. And on the way we have fallen among thieves, have been wounded, stripped, and left for dead. Now, consciousness returning, we discover that we are half-naked by the roadside, alone in the bleak night. Jerusalem we've left a long, long way behind, and Jericho is still a goodish distance off. To lie here is to perish: journey on we must, but alone we dare not, nay, we cannot, so bruised and aching are our limbs. Was that a sound of words? How sweet these human voices are! We crawl towards this one; and find that it proceeds from a thin gentleman who has been robbed, beaten, and flung into a bog. Pain, or grief, or misery or rage, has made him mad, and up to his neck in mire he greets us with an idiotic glee: 'He-he, he-he, I am the first that ever stumbled on this blessed place. I've been and bought the lot. Oh, it is a fertile soil, oozy as the Nile's. We are going to grow cotton here. The capital's a million. Will you, won't you—mayn't I sell to you a thousand shares?'

"Him, 'tis plain, we cannot help; he cannot help us.

"Let's creep a little farther. What's here? An ancient with a broken nose, bound, and flat on his back in a ditch. 'Oh, dear,' we cry, 'you poor, old soul!' 'Poor!' he shouts, 'poor! I am the Emperor of Trebizond, and am got into this ditch pursuing of my geological studies. Tell me, varlet, if you can, whether this mud I'm rolling in is lias or is London clay?'

"Quite, quite demented; it is dreadful. And we are very thirsty. Could we only find a man who'd give a cup of water. . . . 'Hark!' cries a voice from a turnip field. We look and see a battered figure with a face much swollen and contused. 'Hark!' he says again, 'hear you the wind? Is't not a most unmusical noise? But listen while I play to you on this 'cre trumpet a tune of my composing.'

"Not only water would we have, but also vaseline for our scraped knees. Whizz! a brickbat strikes us on the cheek. 'Villain!' cries, from behind a hedge, a lunatic in his shirt. 'Villain! do you go a journey on the Sabbath day, when all good men, like me, bide at home? Oh!' and he sticks his head as far as it will go, into a rabbit warren.

"Among these ravings, we begin to tremble for our own reason. Are there no sane men hereabout! Is there not one that is helpful? If we came out for adventure, we have had our fill of it; if we came out for empery, give us now, instead

of royal crowns, a cooling ointment for our poor cracked pates."

"Precisely," I said. "This travelling is foolery, whether in the body or in the mind. Of the one we have only hard beds, tough meats, stiff prices; of the other, obscurity, bewilderment, disaster. Therefore I keep my person in my comfortable house, my mind attached to business, both at home."

"At home!" he snorted. "You are raving with the rest. Did you but know it, you are sprawling in the kennel, the rain descending on you while deliriously you sing, 'There is no place like home.'"

Augustus Charles spoke soft and low, "You are sitting in a puddle, uncle dear, dreaming that you dwell in marble halls."

"Come to your senses," said Grandpa roughly. "Know your miserable condition. Get up and go on. Find, if you can, a fellow victim who is sane, and join yourself to him. Now, of his sanity the indication and the sign is this: he gives himself not out to be some worshipful and glorious One, but does confess he is a wretch in sorry straits, an object for compassion. Do you the like. Lest he mistake you for a robber, show to him your wounds: honest men are bruised and bleeding. He has still one eye to see with, you have feet for limping on, so pickaback you may together come a little farther on your way. But take no more pleasure in sitting on alone. Who does so is either a Tom o' Bedlam, or a robber and a villain; and neither is to brag of."

The old folks were cranky and were obstinate; it was idle talking.

"The sum of all is this," said Grandpa. "Whether of journeys on the legs or of journeys in the mind, the single purpose is to find again a way to love. The sane, the understanding, like my little wife, do it from the first; and it is well with them. Fools stay in their progress, neglect their business, devote them to the tedious hobbies, to the frivolous pastimes, of labouring to be great, or learned, or rich, or celebrated. Our wonderful achievement is the fruit of an incredible stupidity. What shall be done with it? Those malevolent well-doers, those rude friends our enemies, are permitted to approach us and beneficently beat us black and blue that we may learn, before the last, to be sorry one man for another, be pitiful, be kind, give and take of succour. Who will not, dies miserably. Algernon, love or perish."

I rose, and said, "Good-bye ; I must be going."

"Do," said Grandpa, "do be going, either up again to Jerusalem or downwards on to Jericho."

I went, but yet refrained from slamming of the door. Mr. X. was gone abroad, I had no other friend, and by my family I was insulted and despised.

I hailed a cab, got in, and was driven to a station.

"Any luggage?" asked a porter. "No," I said, "oh no ! I have been robbed of it." "Going by the 1.15?" I nodded. "You'd better look sharp," said he ; "or you'll be left behind."

I looked at the man, and shuddered. Deliver us, the Devil was turned railway porter !

"Come on!" says he, "hurry up!" says he. "Where for?" says he.

"I know not," I replied : "I know not why or where for."

He stared at me, suspected mockery, and, turning on his heel, said in a spirit of revenge, "There, behind you, is the third class booking-office."

I walked towards it. "Now," I said, in ruminating wise, "whether shall we go up again to Jerusalem, or downwards on to Jericho?"

ANTHONY BROADWAY.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

An Old English Treatise on Frequent Communion.

THE revival of devotion to the Holy Eucharist which, growing gradually in the Church from the sixteenth century, has culminated in the salutary Papal legislation of our own day, is generally supposed to have taken a definite start from the teaching and practice of St. Philip Neri and St. Ignatius. For these two great Saints, entering fully into the mind of the Church, were among the first to recognize the whole divine purpose in the institution of this wonderful means of grace, and laboured to make it known amongst their contemporaries. A practical proof of the zeal of the latter Saint was afforded last year by the republication of a treatise, written under his direction by one of his first subjects, Father Christopher de Madrid, issued at Rome in 1557 with the title, *De frequenti usu Sanctissimae Eucharistiae Sacramenti*. The proposition sustained in this treatise is simply that it is better to communicate once a week at least than to abstain—which is itself an indication of the deplorable state of negligence in regard to Holy Communion into which the faithful generally had fallen. But the author's mind is clearly shown in the course of his argument; where, for instance, he points out that the state of grace is enough to make Communion beneficial, and that better dispositions are most easily aroused by communicating more often. However, a rule dictated by a prudent regard to the exceptional circumstances of the times, and inculcating on confessors generally to advise no more than weekly Communion, long dominated Jesuit teaching on the subject, until, in God's providence, the Jansenist heresy brought into clearer light the spirit of the Church and tended to unite the opposing schools of Catholic thought. Arnauld's chief opponent was the Jesuit, Denis Pétau (Petavius), and the formal condemnation of his rigorist doctrine in 1679 and 1690 did much to remove what had been a grievous check to the due appreciation of the truth.

But Jansenism, as is well known, long continued to influence the land of its birth and to infect other countries through the medium of those educated in France.

It is, therefore, exceedingly interesting to find a work in English, published in the year 1780, *i.e.*, in the very dawn of the Catholic revival, advocating in almost exaggerated terms the practice of frequent Communion. The full title of this book, which is dedicated to *The Right Reverend Father in God R[ichard] C[halloner], D.D.*, is FREQUENT COMMUNION: OR THE ADVANTAGES AND NECESSITY OF IT, ASSERTED AND PROVED FROM SCRIPTURE, AUTHORITY, AND TRADITION: Compiled by A. C. No nearer indication of authorship is given than these initials, and neither Gillow's *Bibliographical Dictionary* nor Kirk's *Biographies* afford any certain clue.¹ But the remarkable thing about the book is the fervour and insistence with which frequent Communion—and there are many tokens that the author means more than mere weekly reception—is advocated for all in an age just emerging from persecution. Some of the chapter headings will show how completely the modern doctrine is anticipated. The first is—“The pretended respect for the blessed Eucharist, which withdraws the faithful from frequent Communion, is erroneous and dangerous;” the tenth, “Of the holiness requisite and commanded for worthy and frequent Communion;”² the thirteenth—“Frequent Communion is the most powerful and efficacious help to salvation;” the sixteenth—“No state or condition of life can plead exemption from frequent Communion;” the eighteenth—“On the strict obligation of frequent Communion.”

In regard to the last-named chapter, the author owns that annual Communion alone is enjoined by ecclesiastical law, but he deduces the obligation to communicate frequently from the fact, as he states it, that Communion once a year is not sufficient for our soul's well-being.

The real meaning [he says] of the Church's law is, you shall communicate at Easter, and at other times, as often as it shall be necessary to enable you to avoid sin, and persevere in grace.

¹ In Gillow we find a certain Father Anthony Carroll, S.J., who served on various English missions from 1754 till 1794, and published a translation of Bourdaloue in London in 1776, signed A. C. Kirk supplies Father Anthony Clough, who was chaplain at Chillington House from 1758 to 1791. A. C. may be either or neither of these good priests.

² “What essentially constitutes and determines an unworthy Communion? Nothing but a Communion performed in the state of mortal sin.” (P. 219.)

It is clear, however, that it would be very difficult to determine in practice when precisely the reception of Holy Communion was necessary to enable one to avoid grievous sin, and an indeterminate obligation such as this cannot be imposed on the faithful. But the fact that the writer shows himself here rather rigoristic itself illustrates a depth of conviction which may well surprise us in that age. A. C.'s tractate on "Frequent Communion" deserves a prominent place in the bibliography of the subject.

J. K.

French School Neutrality Again.

Whilst in this country the Elections have been absorbing attention, and for Catholics their bearing on the future of our schools has been causing much anxiety, across the Channel the French Chambers have been furnishing us with further evidence of what "neutral" schools are capable of becoming, when administered by the enemies of the Catholic Church. Our readers know from previous articles¹ what sort of construction in their practical administration these men put upon the term "neutrality," though, when it suits their purpose, they thrust it forward confidently as evidencing their impartiality. They are aware, too, of the course taken by the French Bishops, who, by their Declaration of September 14, 1909, expounded to the Catholic parents of France their rights and duties in regard to the religious and moral training of their children, condemned certain non-neutral manuals in use in the schools, and exhorted them to forbid their children, at all costs, to use these manuals or have them in their possession. It is this Declaration which formed the proximate occasion for the recent debate in the Chambers; for it has greatly irritated the anti-clerical Party, which evidently regards it as likely to prove a serious hindrance to their designs for the corruption of the children's faith and morality. Thus, M. Albert Bayet, one of the chief offenders, complained to an interviewer sent by the *Petite République*:

This fierce campaign against secularist morality (*Morale laïque*) has a far wider bearing than is generally supposed. The Church's officials are clever enough. Their putting the book on the Index would produce only small effects, were it not that they have the Associations of Fathers of Families to give force to their action. These Associations

¹ See *THE MONTH*, December, 1908, and February, 1909.

have a hold on the teachers in various ways. Those of their members who take an active part in them are persons of position selected with care. Such are the notary, the banker, the lawyer, at times some member of the tribunal. The teacher fears them because of their influence. Moreover sometimes he even has the mayor against him. And when a manual is proscribed, he will seldom venture to put it down on his list of books to be purchased, for fear stories about himself might be set going. . . . Often the teacher is placed in an embarrassing situation. He is well supported by the deputy [for his constituency] who belongs to the Left, and says to him: "Go on, do not be afraid." But the Mayor is a Moderate, and so is the General Consultor [*Conseiller Général*.] And he is secretary to the mayoralty, and his promotion depends on the Préfet, with whom the General Consultor has constant dealings; whilst the deputy is in Paris, and is seldom seen by the teacher.¹

This passage may be of interest to English readers, affording as it does a useful insight into the working of those deep-laid causes which explain the forces at work that are apt to be overlooked by foreigners, yet need to be considered by those of us who wish to understand the present situation in France.

No wonder, when there are these causes acting, the Briand Ministry gets irritated, and, whilst bent on further measures of intolerance, shows itself so ill at ease about the results. The present debate is, however, but a preliminary skirmish, to be followed, sooner or later, by an attempt to pass the two Doumergue Bills, which have now been for a considerable time introduced into the Chamber. When this further Parliamentary action comes on we may return to the subject, but meanwhile it is well to warn our readers—if indeed they need the warning—that the *Times* summary of the recent debate is misleading, as were its comments on the same in its issue for January 20th.

In his account its correspondent picks and chooses, quotes or summarizes, includes or omits, with the intention of supporting the construction he wishes to put upon the whole. Anyone who referred to the official reports in the *Moniteur* could not fail to see this at once. Taking the *Times* version for correct we might suppose that M. Briand was animated all through by an exquisitely fair and even conciliatory disposition, and that all the difficulty comes from the Bishops and Catholic leaders, who want to avoid a compromise at all costs, lest, if one were found, they would lose the advantage they derive from the possession

¹ Cited by the December Bulletin of *Les Associations de Familles et de la Neutralité de l'Ecole*.

of a grievance. This, doubtless, was what M. Briand, in his speech on January 22nd, desired to convey, but those who have followed his history know how to gauge the value of his words, and are convinced that the very last thing he desires is conciliation. Moreover, the Bishops have been far from extremists—how could any responsible ecclesiastical rulers be extremists in France just now?—the issues are too serious. The Declaration of September 14th is couched in the most moderate terms, and sharply distinguishes between the teachers who strive to be really neutral, and the schoolmasters who are set on dechristianizing the children. Speaking of the Associations of Fathers of Families, and exhorting them to be vigilant in detecting and resisting all breaches of neutrality, the Bishops say

It would be wrong to ascribe your motives for this action to any system of hostility. Those teachers who have no reasons for self-reproach—for such there still are, and it is a pleasure to do them justice—have nothing to fear. Rather they should rejoice to see that the families do not remain indifferent to the work of the school, but by seconding the zeal of the teachers, encourage a training as perfect as possible of the minds and hearts of the pupils.

Of course, in saying that the Catholic Bishops and parents in taking these measures of self-defence are not animated by feelings of hostility to the State schools, we do not wish to assert that they have no grudge against them; but only that, as the schools are there, and are often the only ones in the district to which Catholic parents can send their children, they have no wish to treat them with hostility as long as they keep within the limits of neutrality which even the letter of the law prescribes to them. Particularly they have no wish to show hostility to the individual teachers who are trying their best to be just and fair to the Catholic children, though perhaps not themselves sharing the faith of their parents. In another and broader sense, of course, the French Catholics have a grudge against these secularist schools, and it is sheer hypocrisy in their adversaries to pretend that their grudge is unreasonable; and here one may well express surprise at the short memory of the *Times* leader-writer, who could broach such a thought as the following:

Some of the utterances in the debate suggest a comparison with our own education question. It seems almost an echo of our “Nonconformist grievance,” when M. Grousseau complains that in only a few of

the 30,000 *communes* in France has the French Catholic any choice as to the school to which he shall send his children. In view of the strong line taken by the Church it will surprise Englishmen that there should be ground for this complaint, and that more *écoles libres*, or Church schools, have not been founded to supply Catholic parents with alternatives to State schools. The explanation would appear to be that the long association of the Church with the State has made French Catholics unfamiliar with the idea of giving pecuniary support to their religious convictions.

Fancy this as a judgment on a people so lavish in its alms for religious and charitable purposes as the French! Why has the *Times* writer so soon forgotten how a few years ago an entire system of Catholic schools which studded the land and gave full satisfaction to the religious requirements of the Catholic people, was ruthlessly destroyed, the possessors being brutally put out into the street and every penny of their possessions taken from them? It is this, and not any failure of the liberality that raised up that splendid school system, which is responsible for the present deficiency. Yet, so enduring is the readiness to give for the support of their religion among the French Catholics, that they have already done much to supply for what they have lost, and are preparing to do more—and this notwithstanding declarations made by their Government of an intention before long to close all free schools, of every kind.

S. F. S.

A Patron of the *Asino*.

The consoling prophetic utterance of our Lord—"If they have called the good-man of the house Beelzebub, how much more them of his household?"—must needs occur to every Catholic mind when confronted with the periodic outbreaks of malevolent abuse with which an expiring Protestantism, debarred by law and public sentiment from physical violence, seeks to relieve its rancour. In regard to the Church as well as to its Founder the word is ever fulfilled—"They have hated Me without cause."¹ As a correlative to his favourite exercise of disguising himself as an angel of light, Satan delights in representing his enemy the Church as an angel of darkness. To depict truth as falsehood, and then to arouse man's natural probity to detest it, is the venerable device with which he still

¹ St. John xv. 25.

inspires those who consciously or unconsciously carry out his ideas amongst men.

That we have many of such agents or dupes of his, bitter and unscrupulous foes of the Catholic Church, still amongst us is unfortunately true, and one of the most unpleasant tasks of the Catholic apologist is to be compelled to notice their writings; to analyze, so to speak, the filth they throw. But occasionally that task is superfluous, because the attacks are so manifestly Satanic that they are self-refuted. "A liar and the father thereof," Satan remains true to his earliest characteristic. If, then, the disguise he assumes is ineffectual, if hoof or horns or tail show through the gleaming vesture of virtue he dons, in that case he may be left thankfully alone. He cannot so seduce, but can only repel, as all revelation of infernal malice must. These reflections are very trite, but they are the first that occur to one at the sight of the Rev. Alexander Robertson's recent book, *The Papal Conquest*, which a correspondent is anxious that we should answer and expose. Happily it answers and exposes itself. We had thought that our home-grown flowers of bigotry were rank enough, but they are roses and violets compared to this importation from Venice, the city which, we believe, has the privilege of housing the Rev. Robertson. Not Dr. Horton at his wildest, nor Mr. Hocking at his worst have touched the levels on which their co-religionist habitually dwells. Mr. Hocking, it is true, has uttered some unpleasant innuendoes about convents, but we do him the justice to think that he would never have described the *Asino*—an Italian journal so indecent and blasphemous that the United States and, we believe, Australia have forbidden its entry through the post—as "a paper which exists in Italy for the express purpose of vindicating Christ and Christianity from the vile caricature of both presented by the Papal Church." Again, we have no great opinion, with his disquisitions on the modern Inquisition in our mind, of Dr. Horton's historical accuracy when he has a pet prejudice to defend. But even Dr. Horton would hardly at this date cite the *Monita Secreta Societatis Jesu* as a genuine document. From the fact that the Rev. Robertson does, we may infer his intellectual status, just as his moral ideals are not obscurely indicated by his praise of the *Asino*.

The book itself is worthy of such parentage. The author has gone scavenging through a deal of anti-Catholic literature, English and Italian, for illustrations of his contention that

"Rome" is an utter perversion of Christianity, and he augments the gatherings of his "muck-rake" by gossip collected at first-hand from various Italian confidants and by personal perversions of Italian history. It is a nauseous mess when all is done, and as little to the credit of Dr. Robertson's taste as to that of his historical honesty. What is visible in his pages is not so much the corruption of the Church of Rome, as that of a human heart that "rejoiceth in evil." However, the author is so little conscious of this that he wants John Bull to contemplate the loathly sight, and then, apparently, to re-enact the Penal Laws. John Bull, of course, is asleep, or at any rate has his eyes shut. If Dr. Robertson's book does happen to be brought to his notice, he will probably hold his nose as well.

J. K.

Reviews.

I.—THE JESUITS IN NORTH AMERICA.¹

WE welcome with great pleasure Father Thomas Hughes' third volume on the history of the Jesuits in North America. It consists of documents covering the years 1773—1838, with extracts and references to earlier and later documents. To the ever-growing number of those who prefer to learn history through contemporary correspondence, this rich collection will be relished all the more heartily, because of the great dearth of other published collections of letters for the critical years in question.

As in previous volumes there is much that relates to the old country and to the Anglo-American Jesuits. Archbishop Carroll in particular here stands out before us as a great churchman, high-minded, brave, a worthy holder of an important See. Others come out in a somewhat less amiable light, especially Archbishop Mareschal and our Monsignor, afterwards Bishop, Gradwell. For the main topic of the work is the prolonged case between that Primate, who had Gradwell as his agent in Rome, and the Jesuits of Maryland, as to how much they should

¹ History of the Society of Jesus in North America, Colonial and Federal. By Thomas Hughes, S.J. Documents. Vol. I. Part II. Pp. 601—1222. Price, 21s. London: Longmans. 1910.

contribute to his maintenance. Though the sum in debate was not large, the principles involved stretched far and wide, and before we finish we are told, amongst other things, more about the finances of the English, Irish, and Scotch Jesuits, than can perhaps be found in print anywhere else. It is not of course fair to judge of the importance and relevancy of all this, until Father Hughes has given us his extended account of the dispute. But in the meantime we cannot be too grateful for the endless pains, and the unusual wealth of knowledge, which has been lavished on the introductions and notes. The principles of editing are somewhat original, and not always perspicuous at first sight, but nothing can obscure the solid value of this fine contribution to the history of Catholicism both in England and in America during the troubled years that succeeded the Napoleonic wars.

2.—FRANCIS THOMPSON ON ST. IGNATIUS.¹

It was a happy thought to select a mind accustomed to the wide creative outlook of the poet, to contemplate and to tell anew the romantic life of St. Ignatius Loyola, the more so that that mind had, as the instrument of its expression, a prose style almost as arresting and individual as its more native poetry. The result is that the character of St. Ignatius appears in the volume before us with a clearness and a force that have never graced it before in English or, we may venture to say, in any other tongue. The poet, acquainted with sorrow and schooled by affliction, gifted besides with high spiritual insight natural and acquired, was in the fullest sympathy with the spirit of the ascetic soldier-Saint, and had that main essential for its comprehension. And, although he makes no pretence of original research, he shows himself familiar with the literature of his subject, and omits in the picture no detail of importance. Contemporary history, too—the great world-movements amidst which the career of Ignatius was spent, and which that career so greatly modified—is sketched in with thorough understanding. The matter is so thoroughly digested that the author is enabled to illustrate each stage of the Saint's progress and almost every chief event of his life by references to after-

¹ St. Ignatius Loyola. By Francis Thompson. Edited by J. Hungerford Pollen, S.J. With 100 Illustrations by H. W. Brewer, &c. London : Burns and Oates. Pp. 328. Price, 10s. 6d. net. 1909.

developments, and thus the presentment gains considerably in unity and force. The characters and exploits of the Saint's early companions, all men of exceptional ability and most of them of conspicuous sanctity, are described in sufficient detail. We may note that the author, like Ignatius himself, seems to have a special predilection for young Ribadeneira, the high-spirited novice, to tame whose fiery nature cost the Saint such pains. But the whole book is full of character-studies and shrewd incisive judgments etched in memorable phraseology. Indeed, the language is sometimes so brilliant, so instinct with harmonies, so elaborately choice, as to suggest "virtuosity," but the effect on the whole is that the matter is beautifully clad yet not over-weighted by its robes. We have said the Life is not a critical one; there is no attempt, for instance, to use the collected edition of the Saint's letters, yet even those most familiar with Ignatian research may read it with profit, so vivid and original is the point of view, whilst to persons familiar only with the Jesuit of fiction it will prove nothing short of a revelation. Some few legendary episodes such as that of the Saint dancing before Ortiz are mentioned as if genuine, and there is a curious statement (at the end of chapter ii.), contradicted, of course, in the subsequent narrative, to the effect that Ignatius never returned to Spain after he left that country to pursue his studies in Paris.

The book is copiously illustrated by sketches by H. W. Brewer and others, most of which have already appeared in the standard English Life by Stewart Rose. They add, of course, to the interest and appearance of the volume, which is thus made a very handsome gift-book, but we trust that some day it may be issued in a cheaper form with nothing but the poet's work in it. It is a text that needs no adornment.

3—PRAGMATISM, MODERNISM, PROTESTANTISM.¹

In this study of the Modernism lately condemned and its Pragmatist and Protestant affinities, M. Leclère deprecates the idea that he has wished to provide a full solution of the many burning questions to meet which the theory of Modernism has

¹ *Etudes de Philosophie et de Critique religieuse. Pragmatisme, Modernisme, Protestantisme.* Par Albert Leclère. Paris : Librairie Bloud et Cie. Pp. 296. Price, 3 fr. 50. 1909.

sprung into existence. For that he considers that the time has not yet come. His more modest aim is to show that

Modernism, in spite of its pretensions, which are often laudable enough in themselves, is but a form and episode of the malady of pragmatism, which threatens, should it endure, not merely to banish all religion from the heart of man, but likewise to vitiate the whole of philosophy and even science itself. Fortunately [he adds], we can feel certain that science and logic will not allow themselves to be thus changed; and from them will come salvation, in the form of a return to the respect due to that reason which is equally misunderstood by the best informed and most able pragmatists, and by a great number of their unscientific and uncritical adversaries.

This last clause reflects a tone of mind which is discernible throughout the book. He is most respectful to the pragmatists for which we do not blame him, but quite unnecessarily depreciatory of their more orthodox adversaries, some of whom have composed some excellent studies of this newcomer among philosophies.

M. Leclère begins by tracing the causes which have brought the philosophy of Pragmatism into favour, and the primary cause of all he justly finds in the prevalence of "philosophic and religious doubt." No one surely would spontaneously prefer Pragmatism to Realism, but, if one starts from anti-intellectualism—that is from the inability of the intellect to arrive at certain "metaphysical" judgments—it is impossible to think that this faculty can by any of its processes furnish us with trustworthy knowledge of the doctrines of religion, which are essentially "metaphysical" in the Kantian sense of this term.

Hence the anti-intellectualists are driven, in their desire to "rebuild the edifice which their critical spirit has, rightly or wrongly, brought to ruin—to attempt to rebuild it with sentiments and tendencies, or, if the expression is preferred, with ideas of sentiments and tendencies." As the secondary causes which have induced the Pragmatist "to receive with enthusiasm the idea that he can think with something else than his thought," M. Leclère assigns (1) the progress of psychology, which has revealed to us a multitude of hitherto unsuspected actions of our physical on our psychical nature; (2) the progress of sociology, which, impressed by the mysterious inter-psychical influences that act and re-act on members of the same social groups, refers them to the action of some principle

inaccessible to reason ; (3) the progress of science which, in the face of the bewildering perplexity of the matter of its researches, has led many to define being and thought in terms of action ; (4) M. Boutroux's philosophy of contingency.

Having assigned its causes the author passes to examine it in its divers forms as propounded by William James, Dewey, and Schiller, by Kant, Guyau, Renouvier, Bergson, and others. Pragmatism is the soul of Modernism and hence the necessity, as M. Leclère conceives of it, of making a study of Pragmatism in the first place. Coming at length to Modernism, he finds the first traces of the theory in M. Olle-Laprune, Cardinal Déchamps, and Cardinal Newman—M. Maurice Blondel deriving from Olle-Laprune ; P. Laberthonnière from M. Blondel and Newman ; M. le Roy from M. Bergson and M. Poincaré, but also borrowing from M. Loisy and M. Blondel ; Father Tyrrell from Newman, the aforesaid French writers, and certain ancient mystics and recent Protestant writers. The reader must go to the book to find how he traces these lines of intellectual paternity, but English readers will be offended with his inclusion of Newman among the protagonists of Modernism. He nowhere cites a single passage from Newman (or indeed from any of those he criticizes) and seems to have no suspicion that Newman's earlier writings were Protestant, and need to be considered separately from those he wrote as a Catholic ; nor does he understand rightly many of the points for which he criticizes Newman. He misses for instance, the point which Newman has before him in his endeavours to construct a less abstract argument for the existence of God than that from causality ; he does not see that Newman is endeavouring to furnish an argument which will tell with a class of persons who have not the necessary mental training or the mentality to take in abstract arguments. His treatment of Cardinal Déchamps' argument is open to the same exception.

M. Leclère is undoubtedly an acute thinker whose criticisms are of great value ; but it is to be regretted that he should adopt so hopelessly obscure a style. His subject is no doubt abstruse, but all the more one would have wished him to be clear in expounding it. As it is, his sentences are so long and involved, and so beset with parentheses, that one can seldom get at the meaning of a page without reading it through some half-a-dozen times.

4—THE CATHOLIC CONCEPTION OF THE UNIVERSE.¹

Father Cathrein's *Katholische Weltanschauung* is like an old friend who having had an increase of property has had to take also a new name. In its first edition it was entitled *Die Katholische Moral in ihren Voraussetzungen und ihren Grundlinien*, for its main purpose was to defend the principles of Catholic Moral Science against the objections made to it by modern opponents, and this required that he should also take into account the underlying principles of Natural Theology, so far as was necessary to explain their bearing on the direct matter of Ethics. But the author tells us he felt more and more convinced that any such apologetic discussion of Christian Ethics was unsatisfactory unless it were preceded by, or rather made to take its place in, a comprehensive account of the Catholic Conception of the Universe. It is this conviction which led him to transform his earlier work into one which is now about double its original size.

In its present form it is divided into three books, the first on Man, the Second on Christian Man, the third on the Principles of Catholic Ethics. In the first book man's nature and origin is determined by comparison with the lower animals, and a comparison between the three rival Conceptions of the Universe, Materialism, Pantheism, and Theism; then his end is investigated in itself, and with reference to the theories of Epicurus, of the Superman, of Happiness, and of Civilized Progress. In the second book the lines of the treatise *de Vera Religione* are followed, so as to show the grounds on which the Christian's belief in Christ and the Catholic Church is justified. The third book is entirely on Ethics, or rather Catholic Ethics—the difference being that the latter goes beyond the former, by taking account of man's supernatural end, and of the special duties and aids and the more exalted motives which this higher destiny involves. The principles of spirituality, of asceticism, and of the Evangelical Counsels, are, under this remodelling of the treatise, brought within the scope of its subject-matter.

It will be seen from this outline of its changed character that the book is of a kind which readers who, without being

¹ *Die Katholische Weltanschauung in ihren Grundlinien, mit besonderer Berücksichtigung der Moral.* Von Victor Cathrein. Second and augmented Edition. Freiburg im Briesgau: Herder. Pp. xvi. 578. Price, 6 Marks. 1909.

specialists, belong to the educated classes should find useful to have by them. It is for them, in fact, that it is intended, that they may find in it a fairly complete account and defence of the Conception of the Universe, in its general character and in its details, which a good Catholic must have. Moreover, Father Cathrein's power of quiet, clear, simple, and yet solid exposition is well known, and the reader will experience the effects of it in this volume. The only pity is that we have no translation of it for English readers. It is the sort of book we sadly want for our lay-Catholics.

5.—DICTIONARY OF CATHOLIC APOLOGETICS.¹

In the third *fasciculus* of his revised edition of Jaugey's Dictionary the Abbé d'Alès takes us from the middle of an article on *Concordats* to the middle of one on *God*. This number fully sustains the high level of scholarship which the previous numbers had set. To begin with defects. The article on *Corpus Juris*, though good as far as it goes, should have been brought up to date. As it stands, it is wholly unconscious of the great work of codification which Pius X. has undertaken, yet some indication of its nature and progress should certainly have been given. The article on *Democracy* is by Comte Albert de Mun, whose name is in itself a recommendation. It reads, however, rather like a paragraph from a speech than a systematic treatment of a very important and burning question ; it occupies, in fact, only a single column. The article on *Demons* is limited in its scope, but refers us to an article on *Diabolical Possession* as to follow in due course. It is in itself a good homely account, but it is entirely out of place for the author to say that "the Devil does not make known his work among materialists, because it sufficed for his purposes to cause intelligent beings, made to the image of God, to proclaim their own degradation, to wish to be no longer anything more than a collection of wise animals, and to persist in selecting for their ancestor a ridiculous, unintelligent and libidinous ape." If he desired to make a reference to the Darwinian theory of human descent, he should have first made

¹ *Dictionnaire Apologétique de la Foi Catholique.* Quatrième Edition entièrement refondue sous la direction de A. d'Alès. Fasc. iii. Concordats—Dieu. Paris : Beauchesne. Pp. 119. Price, 5 fr. 1910.

sure what it is. With these partial exceptions, the twenty-two articles in this number are excellent, most of them being of a really high order. It is difficult when the choice is so rich to know which to single out, but we may name, without prejudice, Abbot Cabrol's article on *Worship*, the four philosophical articles on *Conscience*, *Creation*, *Kantian Criticism*, and *Determinism*, Abbé Durand's on *Biblical Criticism*, and Abbé Choupin's article on the *Roman Curia*. Abbot Cabrol writes magisterially, as one would have expected of him, on the general principles which have determined the origin and elaboration of Christian worship, but he does not go into the details of the evolution of our Church services, doubtless because these will afford the matter for subsequent articles; because, too, the purpose of this Dictionary is apologetic. In the philosophical articles special attention is paid to the most recent rationalistic theorists, French and others. We are particularly delighted with Abbé Valensin's treatment of Kantianism. How difficult it is to expound that system is well known, but Abbé Valensin, in the necessarily limited space allowed him, has accomplished this difficult task with wonderful success. Abbé Durand's *Biblical Criticism* should be read together with Abbé Condamin's *Babylonia*, in a previous *fasciculus*. Both are writers thoroughly up in their subjects, and from their two articles a reader can obtain a very sound idea of what Biblical criticism has or has not so far accomplished. The article on *God* being left unfinished in the present *fasciculus* we must wait before we can judge of it, but so far it promises well.

6.—A NEW CHURCH HISTORY.¹

Cardinal Logue has eulogized this work as "a clear, connected, and accurate view of the state of the Church in the several countries during the period" indicated by its title, and the diligent student of its pages cannot but agree with his Eminence's judgment.

Dr. MacCaffrey's preface—a brief but clear exposition of the chief causes which have determined the structure of his work—should be carefully studied, if we are to read these volumes with profit. In the first volume our author treats

¹ History of the Catholic Church in the Nineteenth Century (1789—1908.) By the Rev. James MacCaffrey, St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. 2 vols. Price, 12s. 6d. net. Dublin: Gill. 1909.

of the continent of Europe, and in his preface dwells on the two great landmarks of the period embraced by his history, viz., the great French Revolution of 1789, and the crisis of general unrest, which is conveniently summarized as the Revolution of 1848. And here we venture to suggest that Latin America should have been treated in the first volume, in close connexion with Spain and Portugal, as its religious history does not accommodate itself to the Monroe doctrine. A similar objection might be made as regards Canada, which in the spiritual world is an appanage rather of France than of the United Kingdom.

The learned writer shows how, on the Continent, through the traditional union between Church and State, weakened but not destroyed by the Reformation—it came about that religion had become identified in the minds of the multitude with the civil absolutism that prevailed. And so in the French Revolution altar went with throne in being the object of attack. But the Revolution did not effect a separation between Church and State. "It deprived the Church of its property, but it placed the burthen of supporting religion and the clergy upon the State." Thus arose the fact that, especially throughout the Latin world, the clergy were in a worse position of dependence than in the days of the old regime. And this condition of affairs went on, roughly speaking, till the middle of the century. The events of 1848 revealed to the democracies of Europe their latent strength, and made rulers anxious to placate their peoples. The remaining half of the century may, from the religious point of view, be called the period of concordats: Catholics, in common with their fellow-citizens, asserting their convictions and aspirations; their rulers sometimes yielding, sometimes thwarting; and all the while the Holy See ever watchful and trying to arrange some basis of agreement.

The second volume has mainly for its subject-matter the history of the Church in English-speaking countries. England is dealt with in three sections, treating of the Repeal of the Penal Laws, of the Oxford Movement, and of events since the Establishment of the Hierarchy. There are additional headings on Anglicanism and the Church in Scotland. Ireland receives full and adequate treatment, and there is a whole chapter devoted to education in that country. America comes next with a good deal of space given to the United States, and the rest of the double continent treated perforce in very summary fashion.

Finally, Australasia's wonderful religious progress is sketched in as full detail as the exigencies of space will allow. When we see how English-speaking Catholics have increased in number during the century, and seek for an explanation of this world-wide growth, we realize how true is our author's statement :

It is mainly Irish Catholic emigrants and their descendants who have built up the Church in the United States, Australia, South Africa, and, to a great extent, in England, Scotland, and most of the English colonies. These emigrants introduced into these countries and developed a strong type of Catholicity. . . . They had imbibed at home the true spirit of faith and of loyalty to the Successor of St. Peter, and they communicated this spirit to their descendants.

In this second volume there are supplementary chapters on Catholic Missions, Religious Orders, Theological Errors and Developments, Ecclesiastical Studies, Socialism, and the Catholic Labour Movement. All friends of the Society will be grateful for the kind things that Dr. MacCaffrey says of the Jesuits; but we ask, at the risk of appearing ungracious, would it not be better to give less space to the ruin caused at the Suppression, and devote more attention to the work of reconstruction that has been effected during the century under review?

In conclusion we express our gratitude for a very full table of contents, ample citation of authorities and sources at the head of each section, and an index that is complete and accurate.

7.—THE CAMBRIDGE ENGLISH LITERATURE.¹

The fourth volume of the great undertaking edited by Dr. A. W. Ward and Mr. A. R. Waller, gives proof of the same excellent qualities which have marked its predecessors. Roughly speaking, we might describe this instalment as devoted to Jacobean literature, but a good many writers are dealt with whose best work was done in the later years of Elizabeth, and the whole treatment of English dramatic composition from its quasi-liturgical origins down to its full development in the middle of the seventeenth century is reserved for the fifth and sixth volumes which the editors hope to publish together in April. The

¹ *The Cambridge History of English Literature. Vol. IV. Edited by A. Ward and A. R. Waller. Cambridge University Press. Pp. xii, 582. Price, 9s. net. 1909.*

present volume is in one sense of less general interest than those which have preceded it. It contains no single name of first-class importance. Probably the section which will appeal to the largest circle of readers is that on the Authorized Version of the Bible, which rather strangely has been allotted to an American scholar, Professor Albert Cook, of Yale, whose studies have identified him principally with the English of the Anglo-Saxon period. This does not seem to us altogether the most successful chapter we have met with, and the bibliography gives an impression of inadequacy. Even so well-known a book as Bishop Charles Wordsworth's *Shakespeare's Knowledge and Use of the Bible* is not alluded to, though three publications of Professor Cook's own, two of them very slightly connected with the subject, are prominently mentioned. But the strong point of this instalment of the Cambridge History, as of the rest of the work, is its comprehensiveness. Many matters are treated, and with a certain measure of fulness and bibliographical apparatus which, so far as we are aware, can nowhere else be found grouped together and brought within reach of each other. The first chapter on "Translators" might serve for one example. But it by no means stands alone. Chapters iv. and v. are devoted respectively to "The Literature of the Sea," and to "Seafaring and Travel." In chapter vi. we have an account of "The Songbooks and Miscellanies," in chapter xii. of "The English Pulpit from Fisher to Donne," while chapters xiv. to xix. all present the same character of original work. Their interest may be gathered from their titles, which are "The Beginnings of English Philosophy," "Early Writings on Politics and Economics," "London and the Development of Popular Literature," "Writers on Country Pursuits and Pastimes," "The Book Trade," and "The Foundation of Libraries." That the execution of these various essays is always of the same high level we will not venture to assert, but one ought certainly to be grateful to those who in a work of this kind break new ground. May we venture to suggest that another chapter might very suitably have been devoted to the literary efforts of the adherents of the old faith, whether living proscribed in England or exiled at Douai or elsewhere on the Continent. To say the truth, the contributors to this and the preceding volume have not been particularly happy or accurate in their references to such matters. In Vol. III., Father Edmund Campion, whose description of

Ireland, merely as a piece of literature, deserved a less casual notice, is called Edward Campion, while his collaborator, Richard Stanyhurst, is equally styled a Jesuit. Campion was not a Jesuit when this was written, and Stanyhurst married as quite a young man. In the present volume the account of Father Southwell, though quite sympathetic, leaves something to be desired. The attribution to him of the *Fourefold Meditation* as long ago pointed out in these pages (January, 1896), cannot be maintained, and it rather surprises us to find Mr. Harold Child stating in reference to this poem that "the meditation on the joys of Heaven shows a power of sustained lyrical exaltation which has all Crashaw's force with more than Crashaw's restraint." This seems excessive praise. Again the lines in *Saint Peter's Complaint* beginning "Fat soil, full spring, sweet olive, grapes of bliss" are declared to "have their theological origin in the Litany of Loreto." There may conceivably have been an older version of the Litany of Loreto, but the ideas mentioned certainly have no sort of connection with the one litany which under that name is familiar to every Catholic. Again we think that Father Parsons both as a writer of English and a controversialist deserves a more extended notice than he receives in the volume before us, and here once more materials might have been gathered from articles, notably one in December, 1894, which have appeared in the pages of THE MONTH.

8.—PASTOR'S PAUL III.¹

Every impartial critic must acknowledge that Hofrat von Pastor's great History of the Papacy only increases in importance and interest as the work progresses. Though from a purely English standpoint the pontificate of Clement VII. constituted, of course, a more vital epoch in the religious history of this country, than that of his successor, still, England was very far from unaffected by the great work of internal reform which took practical shape in the Catholic Church under the able government of the Farnese Pope. As for Christendom at large, it would be hardly an exaggeration to say that the age of Paul III. represents to us almost the most wonderful epoch of transition which the world

¹ Geschichte der Päpste seit dem Ausgang des Mittelalters. Fünfter Band: Paul III. (1534—1549). Bearbeitet von Ludwig von Pastor. Freiburg: Herder. Pp. xliv, 892. Price, 12s. 6d. 1909.

has seen. It was the end of the old order and the beginning of the new. The deadly germs of religious apathy and corruption which had been planted in all Christian society by the humanism of the Renaissance supervening upon a mediaeval civilization exhausted by political strife and clerical degeneration, had grown apace and borne fruit, but were now to be overborne by the still stronger influence of renewed ascetical ideals and a purified hierarchy. Paul III., though in many ways open to reproach for the irregularities of his early life as a Cardinal and for the nepotism which so regrettably marked almost the whole of his pontificate, was nevertheless in spite of these weaknesses a really great man. Never have the commanding qualities of this born ruler been brought out so sympathetically and skilfully as in the pages of Dr. Pastor's new volume. Charles V. has many admirers and not without reason, but in Dr. Pastor's story he is dwarfed beside the figure of his great ecclesiastical rival. Not that it should for a moment be supposed, nor will it be supposed by any who are familiar with our author's earlier work, that he has condescended to become a mere panegyrist. The unedifying circumstances of his early life as Cardinal, when, though living in close intimacy with Julius II., Alexander Farnese became the father of two sons, one of whom was the too famous Pier Luigi, in whose favour also he obtained from Julius in 1505 a brief of legitimatization, are in no way slurred over. Moreover there was a daughter born to him, and after 1509, a third son, Ranuccio. But Dr. Pastor points out at the same time that, though enjoying the revenues of a great episcopal see from an early age, Alexander Farnese only received the priesthood in June, 1519, and that after this date, as also for some time before it, there is no evidence which in the least deserves credence that the Cardinal's life was morally irregular. Again, with regard to his nepotism, it must be said that though Paul III. set a deplorable example, still, it was precisely through his son, Pier Luigi, and his grandson, Ottavio, that Heaven sent upon him the chastisements which finally broke the old man's heart; while many of the Cardinals whom he promoted amongst his own family connections were by no means a discredit to his judgment and to the Church. But even apart from his ability as a politician and as a ruler, Paul III., as Pastor proves with that wealth of first-hand evidence which we have learnt to expect from him, was also in many ways a great

Pope, endowed with a true love of justice and a high appreciation of virtuous conduct in others. No chapters in this absorbing volume will be more eagerly read than those which describe the resolute support given by Paul III. to the projects of reform which finally culminated in the convoking of the Council of Trent, or again the wonderful picture which the historian, in a section of eighty pages (pp. 374—454) has drawn of the foundation and early developments of the Society of Jesus. What is perhaps less commonly remembered in connection with Paul III., is his ceaseless efforts in the interest of Christendom at large to set a curb upon the power of the Turks. This also is well brought out by our author, and naturally we find in him a most competent guide through the intricate mazes of German diplomacy. Further, as readers of the earlier volumes of this great work will not need to be told, the services of the Pontiff as a patron of Art, which of course centre principally round the name of Michel Angelo, have had ample justice done to them. We have only to add that there is the usual Appendix of unprinted documents, amongst which we may call attention to an interesting paper of instructions drafted for the use of Grimani, Patriarch of Aquileia, when he was sent as Apostolic Nuncio to Scotland in 1543.

9.—THE BYZANTINE OFFICE.¹

In another part of this issue we comment on what we can only call an impudent attempt to concoct from the Roman Missal and Ritual, with alterations and omissions suggested by the heretical opinions of the compiler, a service-book which calls itself *The Old Catholic Liturgy*. The Office which Mr. Wainewright has translated and edited, although compiled out of the service-books of the Orthodox [*i.e.* Schismatic] Greek Church, really has a claim to be reckoned amongst Christian Liturgies, and it is in use amongst the Uniates as well. He has chosen, as a typical service, the Office of SS. Peter and Paul in a year when it falls upon a Sunday, so as to show also what the Byzantine Sunday Office is like. In an interesting Preface he discusses, as connected with

¹ The Office commemorating SS. Peter and Paul according to the Byzantine Rite. By John Bannerman Wainewright. London: Cope and Fenwick. Pp. 174. Price, 5s. net. 1909.

his subject, the eight musical tones or Modes, the different books required for the service, the canonical obligation of saying the Office, the structure of a Byzantine church, and the sacred vestments used in the choir-performance of Vespers and Lauds. We are told that most Offices are three or four times as long as those in the Roman Breviary, and that the choir-recitation, though very rapid, takes about eight hours. We do not wonder, therefore, that custom, in the case of the secular clergy, has tempered the strict obligation to say the entire Office, and allows them to regulate the amount recited by their leisure or their devotion. Turning to the Office itself, we are struck by the extreme beauty and unction (to use a somewhat deteriorated term), as well as by the length, of many of the prayers. Apart from the Psalms and other selections of Scripture poetry, much of the Office is cast in poetic form and language, and the rite is very elaborate. Dr. Fortescue's translation of the Byzantine Liturgy and its celebration at Westminster during the Eucharistic Congress will, we feel sure, attract many to study this further illustration of the piety and faith of the Eastern Church.

Short Notices.

The Catholic Who's Who and Year Book for 1910 (Burns and Oates, 3s. 6d. net.) is a still greater improvement, we are glad to say, in matter and arrangement on last year's issue than that was on the first. It includes some 1,200 new biographies (or, according to the Editor, only 500), and now presents a fairly comprehensive view of the Catholicism of the Empire, with certain additions from America.¹ This large increase of matter has been made, by the use of double columns and smaller type, to coincide with the return of the volume to a slimmer and handier shape, a result also aided by the omission of much superfluous matter from different notices. There is still a certain want of proportion between the various biographies in regard to the style of information given,—a defect which, we presume, can be removed only gradually. In addition to the biographies, there are various useful lists, such as the record of Papal Honours held by British subjects, and the Catholic births, deaths, and marriages for 1909, printed as appendices, as well as a guide to Catholic educational establishments for boys and girls. The book is somewhat disfigured by the intrusion

¹ No information is given as to the geographical limits of the compilers' industry.

of advertisement-matter even on the back of the title-page and between the "months" of the Calendar.

When the Holy Father says, as Pius X. has said in regard to **Cardinal Mercier's Conferences**, newly translated by J. M. O'Kavanagh (Washbourne, 5s. net.), that he wishes clerical students to consider a certain preacher's words as though they proceeded from the Vicar of Jesus Christ himself, further commendation seems unnecessary. Yet we may add, after reading these thoughtful and stirring addresses, spoken to the Mechlin seminarists in 1907, that we do not wonder at the Pope's strong expression, for they breathe the very spirit of the New Testament, so much so that the preacher's thought constantly and spontaneously clothes itself in the sacred words. The theme is, of course, the old struggle in which not only seminarists but all Christians have to engage—how to desire and acquire and maintain union with God in spite of the world, the flesh, and the devil. And the means advocated—recollection, prayer, control of the passions—are likewise those familiar to all such combatants. But the Cardinal's treatment of subject and method is so clear and so persuasive, so logical and well-illustrated, as to make fresh and inspiring reading for all engaged in the arduous work of "putting on the Lord Christ."

An unnamed Irish Oblate of Mary Immaculate has translated the work of his French brother-Oblate, Père Eugène Baffie, on the Founder of this Congregation, under the title of **Bishop de Mazenod : his inner life and virtues** (Washbourne, 6s.) The saintly Bishop of Marseilles, some twenty years before he was elevated to that dignity in 1837, distressed at the state of spiritual destitution to which the Revolution had reduced his native Provence, founded a body of missionary priests to remedy that great disorder. The widespread activity and influence of the Oblates to-day testify how well and truly the foundation was laid by the Abbé de Mazenod in 1816, and this book, wherein his great virtues are classified, illustrated, and proposed, as it were, for meditation, shows how carefully he was prepared by the Holy Spirit for his task. The translator in his Introduction tells the story of the Bishop's life briefly but chronologically, and thus obviates the confusion which might result from the author's arrangement.

Bishop de Mazenod was a great promoter of devotion to the Sacred Heart, and he would have been pleased with the unction which breathes through the Rev. William Graham's **The Fruits of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart** (Wagner, 3s.), twelve sermons for the First Fridays of the year, recently published. Taking the devotion as representing in its highest form the worship of the Incarnate God, the preacher shows with much force how the Sacred Heart thus contemplated reveals the Godhead to man and makes known in their fullest details man's obligations to God. The triple fruit which the devotion bestows—knowledge, love, and service—is skilfully developed in each of the discourses.

The intellectual and ethical vagaries of those who deny the Divine Existence give daily more point to the Scripture assertion—"The fool hath said in his heart—'There is no God.'" And to no greater depth of folly does the fool descend than when he declares, as so many secular educationists declare in France and in America and in England to-day, that we can maintain morality whilst doing away with its sanctions in conscience. The Rev. P. A. Halpin, of New Rochelle, had the United States in view when composing his treatise on **Christian Pedagogy** (Wagner, 6s.), but his exposition of modern dangers in education and the remedies he suggests

have universal application. As the evil combatted is essentially irrational, the defence is bound to seem somewhat obvious, but Father Halpin's treatment gives it plenty of life and colour. Indeed, it may be said that his style is rather too rhetorical and digressive, too full of repetitions, too lavish in metaphors, for a scientific treatise. The book is divided into two parts, theoretical and practical. The first emphasizes in great detail the need of moral training, the second explains how best it can be applied. The sound view of education set forth by the author in this excellent work is one which makes the four main principles of the Catechism—a divine Creator, a divine Redeemer, a divine Church, and a divine Destiny—operative in all the details of life. We trust that it will be widely read by Christian teachers.

From far Trinidad, a mission in the hands of the Dominican Fathers, come **Letters to Children in their Teens** (Washbourne, 3s. 6d.) edited (and presumably written) by one of the missionaries. They were published in a local paper during the year 1908, and they deal in a simple and taking manner with various points suggested by the round of Church festivals.

Mr. John Hannon not long ago contributed to the literature of the C.T.S. a valuable pamphlet entitled **The Use of the Pen: Practical Hints on Letters to the Press**. He has now exemplified and bettered his own instructions over a wider field by publishing **The Devil's Parables, and Other Essays** (Washbourne, 2s. 6d. net)—papers published in an American contemporary, of whose existence, we are ashamed to confess, we were not aware. Let us now make amends for our ignorance by stating that, if the contributors to **The Magnificat** are all of the intellectual standing of Mr. Hannon, the periodical must occupy the very first ranks of Catholic journalism. The essayist gives an excellent example of the service a cultured and orthodox Catholic can render to the cause of Christianity, for whilst his papers are "literary" in the best sense, showing a well-read and humorously-observant mind, they are also instinct with sound morality and effective apologetic. The searching criticism of Mr. A. C. Benson in "God and the Rod" is an instance in point. We should like to justify our appreciation by citing various passages from this and other essays, but want of space forbids. However, we can cordially recommend our readers to get the book for themselves, and thus make further acquaintance with a writer who is a credit to his Faith no less than to modern letters.

In the **Life of St. Bridget of Sweden** (Washbourne : 2s. 6d.) by Miss F. M. Steele, we find ourselves to a large extent in the rarefied atmosphere of the mystic life. But St. Bridget was much more than the author of the famous "Revelations :" she founded the Order of St. Saviour, commonly called the Bridgettines, about the middle of the fourteenth century, a community which was introduced into England by Henry V., despoiled and dispersed by Henry VIII., and the descendants of which are now settled at Chudleigh in Devon, the only pre-Reformation establishment existing in England. Her influence on the history of the Church in other ways was also considerable, for she exercised during the earlier portion of the Papal sojourn at Avignon much the same rôle as St. Catherine did during the later. All this and the other details of her remarkable career have been retold with grace and simplicity by Miss Steele in the charming book before us.

We presume that **A Pulpit Commentary on Catholic Teaching** (Wagner : 8s.) is intended primarily for those that occupy the pulpit. Those who wish to learn the Faith have an easier and shorter means, in the various formal expositions of the Church's Creed, than is to be found in the necessarily

amplified and rhetorical form given to such explanations in sermons. However, if knowing the Catholic doctrine on a certain point, one should wish to see it considered and illustrated in all its bearings, this volume dealing with *The Means of Grace*, and the third of the series, may be recommended. It contains about fifty sermons, many of them contributed by English preachers such as Bishop John Vaughan, the late Bishop Bellord, and Father T. Gerrard.

The same publishers send us **A Year's Sermons** (Fourth Series : 6s.), compiled on the same principle, and more directly intended for the use of the clergy.

A favourite contention of Modernists is that, owing to the natural inadequacy both of the human intellect and its means of expression, and to the change in the sum of knowledge due both to growth and loss, the language in which the truths of revelation were originally embodied, itself needs constant re-adjustment. Against what is false this notion, one which has been urged with great plausibility in spite of the fact that we can perfectly well appreciate ancient thought in profane literature without attempting to recast it, Père A. Gardiel, O.P., in *La Donnée révélée et la Théologie* (Gabalda : 3.50 fr.) shows the substantial identity of revealed truth under its various forms of expression—the original revelation, dogma, theological data, theological science and systems. Incidentally, he discusses the wholly analogical character of our knowledge of God and the sense in which dogma can be said to develop. The fact that the treatise was originally delivered as a series of lectures will account for a certain diffusiveness of treatment, but the discussion is all the more thorough and the author's detailed examination of Modernist writings serves to bring the truth into greater prominence.

From orthodoxy to heterodoxy and that of the gravest kind—Bishop Mathew, the representative of the "Old Catholic" heresy in England, has issued what is substantially a translation of the Roman Missal and Liturgy, which he does not scruple to call **The Old Catholic Missal and Ritual** (Cope and Fenwick, 6s net.) and to which with singular lack of humour he prefixes a *Nihil Obstat* signed by himself! The book is well printed, but the arrangement is clumsy, the different services and rites not being clearly enough distinguished. On the other hand the translation seems to be faithfully done. Many of the rubrics however, are apparently the Bishop's own, as when he says "where it is desired by the Congregation the chalice may be administered [in Holy Communion], provided there is no risk of irreverence, or of infection." The heretical mind is chiefly shown in various omissions. Like Henry VIII. Bishop Mathew expunges all reference to the Pope from the Canon, and, of course, the prayers for the Pope from the *Orationes Diversæ*. He dishonours our Lady by depriving her Conception Feast of the epithet "Immaculate." Neither does he make mention of the Feast of the Sacred Heart. He has also gone with a blue pencil through the Calendar and decanonized all the Saints not to his liking. We may take it perhaps as a compliment that no single Jesuit saint has survived the treatment: we miss, too, St. Pius V. and St. Alphonsus Liguori and, as might have been expected, all mention of those glorious upholders of Papal Supremacy, the English Martyrs. The whole production is, in truth, a pitiable and ridiculous exhibition of heretical pretentiousness. We are only surprised that, amongst his selection of Occasional Masses, Bishop Mathew, a prelate with valid orders, perhaps, but certainly with no mission nor jurisdiction, did not include the Mass, *Ad Tollendum Schisma*.

The new (third) edition of the great work of Professor Albert Dufourcq, of Bordeaux, *L'Avenir du Christianisme*, which we have already noticed several times, continues to make steady if not rapid progress. We have lately received the fourth volume of the first part,—it is not easy to state clearly the divisions of the vast enterprise—entitled *Le Christianisme et l'Empire* (Bloud, 3.50 fr.). This, with the fifth volume still to appear, comprises the history of the Church from the third to the eleventh century. The present volume deals with the connection of the Church with the Christianized Empire, and how it managed to survive the disruption of the latter. Such ample recognition has been paid to M. Dufourcq's learning and ability in a recent number of *THE MONTH*¹ that we need only say here that the present volume shows the same masterly grasp of detail and skill of presentation as did the previous ones.

No spiritual books more helpful or encouraging have been issued by the C.T.S. than the two sixpenny (cloth, 1s.) treatises called *The Christian Consoled* and *The Christian Instructed*, translated from the Italian of the holy Barnabite, Father Quadrupani. They combine in a marvellous way the pure and high asceticism of the Gospel with a pervasive sweetness that makes austerity attractive. In other words, they are instinct with the spirit of Him who, while calling on all to renounce themselves as a condition of discipleship, yet promised rest and refreshment to those that assumed His sweet yoke. We can imagine no more profitable books for reading during Lent, or indeed at any other time.

Amongst C.T.S. penny pamphlets which have been recently published the most important is *The Greek Testament*, by C. C. Martindale, S.J., one of the admirable *Lectures on the History of Religions* series. Without entering into the interminable questions, which vex the non-Catholic soul, of authorship, date, and degree of authenticity of the various New Testament writings the author gives in short compass, and yet with perfect lucidity, the essential teaching of the New Testament, showing the underlying harmony that exists between all the different presentations of it in Gospels, Acts, Epistles, and Apocalypse. With this skilled guide the Greek Testament ceases to be a series of isolated documents somewhat arbitrarily arranged, and is seen to be, as it is, a divinely-inspired record of a divine revelation. We trust that this lecture, which is thoroughly equipped with references, will foster the study of the Greek Testament, in our Colleges as well as in our Seminaries, for the first step towards showing that the Church embodies the ideal of Christ is to establish what that ideal was.

Henry Schomberg Kerr : Sailor and Jesuit, by J. A. Stratton, S.J., is based upon a larger work with the same title by Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, and gives a bright and highly-edifying account of an adventurous life wholly devoted to God's service.

Five of the papers read at the Manchester Conference have also been reprinted—*The Catholic Truth Society*, in which Abbot Gasquet expounds its nature and objects, and Mr. Britten sums up its exploits during the past twenty-five years; *Catholics and the Comparative History of Religions*, by the Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J., in which some account is given of the Lectures mentioned above—the need for them and their character—by the Editor of the Series: this paper will itself make an admirable Preface to the published volumes; *The Church and Socialism*, by H. Belloc, M.P., in which their essential opposition is strongly emphasized; *The Rationalist*

¹ See "Two Histories of Religions," by C. C. Martindale, S.J., July, 1909.

Propaganda, by Leslie A. Toke, which calls attention to the rapid growth of this offspring of Protestantism in our midst, which is growing we may say by consuming the mother that bore it : and finally **Catholics and Social Study**, by the Rev. C. Plater, S.J., a paper the immediate outcome of which was the formation of the Catholic Social Guild, an organization destined, we feel sure, to have a very useful future.

In **The Materialism of To-Day**, Mr. A. E. Proctor gives a useful summary of the bankrupt theories of prominent pseudo-scientists on the question of the origin of the universe. The frauds of Professor Haeckel, and the sophistries of Mr. Joseph McCabe come in for especial condemnation.

The latter writer furnishes matter for another pamphlet, **The Rationalist as Prophet**, in which Father Keating offers some comments on Mr. McCabe's pretentious book, *The Decay of the Church of Rome*, showing its complete untrustworthiness in spirit, methods and results.

Purgatory, by Rev. H. G. Graham, M.A., is an able exposition of the intrinsic reasonableness of the Catholic doctrine, and of its support in Scripture and Tradition. **What the Editor Said**, is the record of a controversy well worth preserving, regarding the case of Barbara Ubryk and other matters, in a Cornish newspaper, which had the unwonted result of convincing a non-Catholic editor of the shameless mendacity characterizing the methods of certain Protestant controversialists.

Finally, Canon McIntyre of Oscott, has added to his useful penny *Books of Holy Scripture* series, **The First Epistle to the Corinthians**, with explanatory notes and comments. This Pauline document is of the greatest importance, as it touches upon many questions of Church doctrine and discipline, and the Canon's commentary is so good that we wish it could have been fuller.

Over two centuries ago Father Nicholas Paulmier, S.J., published in Paris *Scriptura Sacra in formam meditationum redacta*, a veritable *tour de force*, showing minute knowledge of the Scripture text, and great skill in its application. It has lately been republished with the title, **Exercitiorum Spiritualium Meditationes S. Scripturae verbis contextæ** (Schmitt, Innsbruck, 2.50 fr.), and should prove useful to those who give or make retreats. The texts collected and arranged are used mainly to illustrate the First Week of the Exercises and the Passion of our Lord.

The past few years have witnessed considerable activity on the part of Catholics in regard to social problems, which has resulted in much preliminary discussion and organization. All this is very necessary, of course, if a "social sense" is to be developed amongst us and trained to useful purposes. But we venture to think that the perusal of Miss Olive Katharine Parr's latest book—**A Red-Handed Saint** (Washbourne, 3s. 6d.)—will do more to arouse and direct practical Christian charity in the hearts of the well-intentioned than much study of Blue-Books and listening to lectures. For here we have, seen through the medium of an engrossing tale instinct with pathos and humour and delicate spiritual insight, what is plainly the record of personal service amongst the most needy and least attractive class,—criminals, during and after sentence. Such devoted work clearly has its rewards—such rewards as the zealous missioner finds in *his* work—and from every page of this moving story breathes the exhortation—"Go thou and do likewise. Help by individual effort, help by prayer, help by alms, help in one way or another. Break the bonds of narrow self-regard and do for

Christ's helpless ones what you would do for Him, did opportunity offer." We consider this book capable of working a veritable apostolate, and trust that it will be widely spread amongst Catholics, young and old, but especially the former.

In his latest volume *Il Tigré, descritto da un missionario Gesuita del Secolo XVII.* (Rome : Instituto Coloniale Italiano), Father Beccari condenses for Italian readers, the description of the Abyssinian district of Tigré, which was written by Father Barrados after his missions in that country from 1624 to 1633, and which Father Beccari has edited from the original manuscripts (some in the British Museum) in his *Rerum Aethiopicarum Scriptores*. From these eight volumes, already noticed by us, the editor now draws a world of interesting matter relating to the country, its climate and food, its laws and taxes, its customs at birth and marriage, its feasts and festivals, the advantages of its trade routes and harbours. Readers fond of liturgy and religion will find chapters xii. to xvii. on the Christianity, churches, clergy, monasteries, sacraments, &c., of the country extremely entertaining. To our forefathers the kingdom of Prester John once seemed a land of chivalry and romance. As we view it here through the eyes of an actual observer, we see that chivalry sullied by barbarisms foul and frequent. Still, the romance remains, and even predominates, and makes the Abyssinians of all African peoples perhaps the most interesting.

The devotion of the Church to St. Agnes, the Child-Martyr of Rome, is manifest in the extraordinary fact that she is accorded two feast-days, January 21st and January 28th, in the calendar. And her cultus throughout the whole world and in every age of the Church plainly shows how her youth and innocence and courage have seized upon the Christian imagination, and become part of the Christian ideal. At the same time, the discrepancies of the Greek and the Roman "Acta" have tended in later critical times to render the whole tradition about the Saint uncertain. It is due to the labours of Père Florian Jubaru, S.J., that the eastern and western "Acta" have been shown to refer to different saints and that the history of our Saint has been restored to its original simplicity. The author of a large volume *Sainte Agnès . . . d'après de nouvelles recherches*, which appeared in 1907, he has supplemented this work lately by a smaller life, *Sainte Agnès, Vierge et Martyre de la Voie Nomentane* (Lethielleux : 2 fr.) which sets forth and develops the results of his learned researches. Divested of legendary details, the life of the heroic child has lost nothing of its attractiveness : on the contrary, in the words of Père Grisar, S.J., she stands forth *plus belle, plus vive, plus angélique* than before.

The praise that we have bestowed on the previous volumes of *Exeter Registers*, we gladly renew in favour of Prebendary Hingeston-Randolph's scholarly volume, *Episcopal Registers of Exeter ; Edmund Lacy*, Part I. (Bell, 15s.) After a capital Life of the Bishop of Catrick, who died in Florence in 1419 (for the materials of which the author is largely indebted to Mr. Baigent), we get Bishop Lacy's Register of Institutions from 1420 to 1455. The entries, even when merely formal, will be of permanent value to local historians, but they are often digressive, and contain matters of more general interest. The main interest, of course, lies in the working of the ecclesiastical machinery for the government of the diocese. This is too large a matter to handle now, and we may hope to return to it more effectually when we get the Subject-Index which we are expecting with one of the later volumes. Here it will be sufficient to say in general that this

register bears the clearest testimony to the strictness of principle, the love of law and justice, the attention to detail with which the department of institutions to benefices was managed in the diocese of Exeter about the middle of the fifteenth century. The record does not profess to tell more than that, but the inference is not doubtful that, where regularity, law, and principle are found continuously and everywhere, there both government and governed have a good and healthy moral tone.

The importance of Malta and of its well-being, gives permanent interest to all that relates to the origin of our sovereignty in that island, and the conditions, under which we then obtained the government, demand our unswerving respect even still. Hence the value of Canon Mifsud's history, *Origine della Sovranità Inglesi su Malta* (Malta, 1907). He sets forth the story of the English occupation with great impartiality and lucidity, and proves his points by documents of first-rate importance. An able work, which can never be passed over or neglected by those who wish to become proficient in a question that is ever with us.

The spread of the New Theology amongst Nonconformist pastors and, in general, the fluidity of religious belief outside the Church form the theme of an interesting tale by Austin Rock called *A Minister's Marriage* (St. Andrew's Press: 2s. 6d.). Although uncompromisingly Catholic in tone there is no trace in the book of that scurrilous depreciation of rival religious systems that marks so many controversial novels of the opposite school.

A new series of girls' stories, called the *St. Margaret's Series*, at the uniform price of 1s. 6d. each, has been started by Messrs. Sands. We have received *Joan and her friends* and *The Fortunes of Philomena*, by E. M. Buckenham, *A Bunch of Girls*, by "Shan," and *The Marrying of Brian and other Stories*, by Alice Dease. The last-named comprise some of those delicate Irish sketches which Miss Dease knows so well how to pen. The others are good wholesome tales, which will be just the thing for the school library, if the drawing mistress does not object to the illustrations.

Two similar stories come from America—*So as by Fire* (Benziger, 4s.), by Jean Connor, and *Seven Little Marshalls* (Benziger, 1s. 6d.), by Mary Nixon-Roulet. The first-mentioned is well written, in spite of a variety of strange American metaphors and turns of speech, and well constructed, holding the interest to the last. The latter, for younger readers, reminds one somewhat of that deathless romance, *Helen's Babies*.

A pathetic interest attends the publication of *Père Jean, and Other Stories* (Burns and Oates, 2s. net), by Miss Aileen Hingston, a young Irish-Canadian lady who was drowned in a boating accident on the St. Lawrence in 1907. These short tales show abundant literary promise, which, to judge from the sympathetic memoir prefixed to them, seems to have been only a small part of the attractiveness of a rarely-gifted nature.

In *Under the Ban* (C.T.S., 1s. 6d.) C. M. Home has chosen a period of English history—the Interdict in the reign of John—which has not, as far as we know, been treated before in Catholic fiction. It is a well-told, exciting story, and the archaic diction used in the dialogues is at least used consistently.

Another C.T.S. story-book, like the previous one remarkably cheap at 1s. 6d., contains two separate tales—*Mid Pines and Heather* and *The True and the Counterfeit*, both by Joseph Carmichael. The first tells how a plot to part two lovers failed, and the second is concerned with the failure of certain thieves to appropriate certain jewels; both are very readable stories.

Père Rosette, who translated Father Gallwey's *Watches of the Passion* in 1904, has lately issued a second edition, **Les Heures de Garde de la Sainte Passion**, 2 vols. (Lethieilleux), in which by dint of rearrangement of matter and the excision of repeated passages he has reduced the size of the work by about one-third. We trust that, made thus more handy and better suited for meditation, it will continue its career of usefulness abroad.

We can do little more than mention here several pamphlets which have reached us for review. **What is at Stake?** by Ernest Williams (Morgan, 3d.) is a trenchant criticism of recent Liberal policy. **The Discipline of Girls**, by Madame Cecilia, is a useful essay for the instruction of parents, too many of whom seem to need it. **The Board of Education and Catholic Secondary Schools**, by Rev. J. Wright, S.J., calls attention to the disastrous effects present educational administration will have on the future supply of Catholic teachers if not checked in time. **The Angelus and the Regina Cœli**, (Longmans, 6d.) gives a short historical and explanatory commentary on those two antiphons. **First Communion of Children and its Conditions** (Sands, 3d. net.), translated from the French of Père H. Mazure, O.M.I., by Father de Zulueta, S.J., is a pamphlet for all pastors and parents to read. **The Education Riddle Answered**, by John Collett, is a well-reasoned plea for concurrent endowment, in the case of elementary schools, as the one way to educational peace; and finally **Un Punto Controverso nella Storia delle Doctrine Politiche**, by Professor G. del Vecchio, discusses the orthodoxy of a Sicilian philosopher of the eighteenth century, the Abbate Spedaliero.

Latin Courses of Theology for the use of ecclesiastical students are as plentiful as blackberries, the chief reason for which is apparently that Professors who have taken pains with their theological lectures have set a personal stamp on them to which they and their pupils naturally attach importance. Still, the vast majority of this ever-increasing supply of theological treatises comes from abroad, whereas it is nice to have some that come from home, from authors who have grown up in the same mental atmosphere as ourselves, and hence approach questions from the same standpoint, meet the same difficulties, employ the same mental tools, and have in mind the same national literature, theological and scientific, as ourselves. For this reason particularly we welcome Dr. Daniel Coghlan's two volumes, **De Deo Uno et Trino** and **De Deo Creatore** (Browne and Nolan, 10s. net.). They give the lectures for the Four Years' General Course prescribed to the students at Maynooth as a preparation for their degrees, and as a prelude to "the more profound, scientific, positive, and historical study of Catholic Dogmas," to which many of them apply themselves during a subsequent course of two years. Dr. Coghlan follows the text of St. Thomas, and recognizes as his more modern leaders, Satolli, Billot, and Janssens. He is necessarily scholastic in his method, and that may repel some but will attract others by its acute and vigorous reasoning, so different from the invertebrate talk which in these days is so often mistaken for reasoning. Most of the author's pages, from the nature of the subject, are abstract, but occasionally he has to consider how to deal with concrete questions, such as evolution; and then, relying for his facts on standard authors, he knows how to lay down concisely but convincingly the principles which should guide further inquiry.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

From the Authors:

THE DISCIPLINE OF GIRLS: By Madame Cecilia. Pp. 16. CRONOLOGIA COSTANTINIANA: By Andrea Ferrato, S.J. Pp. 143. Price, 3 lire. 1910.

Beauchesne, Paris:

DICTIONNAIRE APOLOGETIQUE DE LA FOI CATHOLIQUE: *Fasc. III. Concordats—Dieu.* Edited by A. D'Alès. Price, 5.00 fr. 1910. UNE CONVERSION DE PROTESTANTS PAR LA SAINTE EUCHARISTIE: By Père E. Abt, S.J. Pp. 110. Price, 0.80 fr. 1910. LA RELIGION DE L'ANCIENNE EGYPTE: By Philippe Virey. Pp. 352. 1910. JESUS: By Père M. Meschler. Traduit de l'allemand par l'Abbé C. Lamy de la Chapelle. Pp. 170. Price, 1.50 fr. 1910. POUR L'EUCHARISTIE: By Abbé A. Carré. Pp. ii, 160. Price, 1.50 fr. 1910. HISTOIRE DE S. FRANCOIS DE BORGIA: By Père Pierre Suau, S.J. Pp. 591. Price, 7.50 fr. 1910.

Benziger Brothers, New York:

SEVEN LITTLE MARSHALLS: By Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. Pp. 174. Price, 1s. 6d. 1909. SO AS BY FIRE: By Jean Connor. Pp. 229. Price, 4s. 1909.

Burns and Oates, Ltd., London:

THE CATHOLIC WHO'S WHO FOR 1910. Price, 3s. 6d. net. PERE JEAN AND OTHER STORIES: By Aileen Hingston. Pp. 78. Price, 2s. net. 1910. FEASTS FOR THE FAITHFUL. Pp. 91. Price, 1s. net. 1910.

Catholic Truth Society, London:

UNDER THE BAN: By C. M. Home. Pp. vii, 191. Price, 1s. 6d. 1909. MID PINES AND HEATHER: By Joseph Carmichael. Pp. iv, 184. Price, 1s. 6d. 1909. THE CHRISTIAN CONSOLED. Pp. 150, and THE CHRISTIAN INSTRUCTED. Pp. 155. From the Italian of Father Quadrupani. Price, 6d. each or 1s. cloth. 1909. VARIOUS PENNY PAMPHLETS.

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EXPOSITION DE LA MORALE CATHOLIQUE: VII. LA LOI: By Chanoine E. Janvier. 2e. edit. Pp. 451. Price, 4.00 fr. 1909. LES HEURES DE GARDE DE LA PASSION. 2 Vols. 2e. edit. Translated by Père A. Rosette, S.J. Pp. xii, 482. 408. Price, 5.00 fr. 1909. SAINT JOSEPH: Translated from the German of Père M. Meschler, S.J. 2e. edit. Pp. 160. Price, 1.00 fr. 1909. SAINTE AGNES: By Père F. Jubaru, S.J. Pp. 192. Price, 2.00 fr. 1909.

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ANGELUS AND THE REGINA CELI. Pp. 16. Price, 6d. 1910.

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FIRST COMMUNION FOR CHILDREN : Translated from the French by Father de Zulueta, S.J. Pp. 45. Price, 3d. net. 1910. *The St. Margaret's Library*: Each vol. 1s. 6d. net and illustrated : THE FORTUNES OF PHILOMENA : By E. M. Buckenham. Pp. 92. THE MARRYING OF BRIAN AND OTHER STORIES : By Alice Dease. Pp. 83. JOAN AND HER FRIENDS : By E. M. Buckenham. Pp. 123. A BUNCH OF GIRLS : By "Shan." Pp. 108.

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A MINISTER'S MARRIAGE : By Austin Rock. Pp. 271. Price, 2s. 6d. 1910.

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A PULPIT COMMENTARY ON CATHOLIC TEACHING. Vol. III. *The Means of Grace*. Pp. 406. Price, 8s. 1909. A YEAR'S SERMONS (Fourth Series). Pp. 382. Price, 6s. 1909. CHRISTIAN PEDAGOGY : By Rev. P. A. Halpin. Pp. 229. Price, 6s. 1909. THE FRUITS OF THE DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART : By Rev. W. Graham. Pp. 119. Price, 3s. 1909.

R. and T. Washbourne, Ltd., London :

A RED-HANDED SAINT : By O. K. Parr. Pp. 306. Price, 3s. 6d. 1909. THE DEVIL'S PARABLES AND OTHER ESSAYS : By John Hannon. Pp. 203. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1909. A HANDBOOK OF CHURCH MUSIC : By J. C. C. Egerton. Pp. xv, 218. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1909. SUPPLEMENT TO SAME. Price, 3d. LETTERS TO CHILDREN IN THEIR TEENS : Edited by a Dominican Father. Pp. viii, 276. Price, 3s. 6d. 1910. CARDINAL MERCIER'S CONFERENCES : Translated by J. M. O'Kavanagh. Pp. xxiv, 206. Price, 5s. net. 1910.

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N. Noguer.—The Popular Credit in Urban Districts.

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H. Moretus.—The Benedictions of the Patriarchs in the Literature of the Early Middle Ages.

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